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Saturday Journal

A POPULAR PAPER FOR PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

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TAKE NOTICE!—Captain Mayne Reid's new story, "THE SPECTRE BARQUE: A Tale of the Pacific," commences this week! Having been written expressly for the Saturday Journal, it will appear in America in serial form only! The thousands of admirers of this King of Romancers will see the necessity of at once giving a definite order to their newsdealer, to save them a copy of the Saturday Journal regularly, if they would not be disappointed by being unable to secure the papers containing this thrilling tale. All who have read (and everybody has) a romance by this celebrated author, will not want to miss this, his last and best!

The other two guests are still seated at the table, head and foot—facing one another. And, oh, God, such guests!

CHAPTER I.

THE CHASE.

IN mid-ocean—the Pacific.

Two ships within sight of one another, less than a league apart. Both are sailing before the wind, running dead down it. Not side by side, but one in the wake of the other.

Both have full canvas spread, even to sky and studding-sails.

Is it a chase?

To all appearance it is. A probability strengthened by the relative size and character of the ships.

One is a barque, polacca-masted, her masts raking back with the acute shark's-fin set supposed to be characteristic of the pirate.

The other is a ship, three-masted and full-sized, a row of real, not painted ports, with a gun grinning out of each, proclaiming her a man-of-war.

The flag at her peak is one known all over the world—the "Stars and Stripes."

The polacca also carries a flag; but one whose nationality can not be so easily determined. Still is it the ensign of a naval power, though one of little note. The five-pointed white star, solitary in a blue field, proclaims it the national colors of Chili.

Why should an American frigate be chasing a Chilian barque? There is no war between the great Republic of the North and her Southern sister; but peace treaties and relations of the most amicable kind. Were the polacca flying a flag of blood-red, or black with a death's-head and cross-bones, the chase would be intelligible. But the bit of bunting at her masthead shows nothing on its field either of menace or defiance. On the contrary, it appeals to pity, and asks for aid.

For it is an ensign reversed—in short, a signal of distress.

And yet the ship showing this signal is scudding before a stiff breeze, with all sails set, stays taut, not a rope out of place!

It is a sight common at sea: a ship showing signals of distress. But that such should be carrying all sail, running away, or attempting to run away, from another ship making to relieve her—above all from a frigate bearing the American flag—this *is* strange.

And this the barque has been, still is doing. Sailing on down the wind, without slacking halyards, or lessening her spread of canvas by a single inch!

Certainly her behavior is unaccountable. At least so think the commander of the vessel of war and his officers and men, for, in running down the Pacific, they have met and spoken several vessels, some of which reported this same barque; or, at all events, one answering her description—polacca-masted, all sails set, and showing signals of distress.

A British brig, which the frigate's boat had boarded, said that such a barque had run across her bows, so close they could have thrown a rope to her; that, at first, no one was seen aboard this barque, but, on being hailed, two men made their appearance, both springing up to the main-shrouds, and then answering the hail in a language altogether unintelligible, and with hoarse, croaking voices, that resembled the barking of muzzled mastiffs.

It was late twilight when this occurred, nearly night; but the brig's people could distinguish the figures of the two men, as they stood upon the ratlines. And what surprised them even more than the odd speech, was that both appeared to be clothed in skin-dresses, covering them all over from head to foot!

The brig, seeing the signal of distress, would have sent a boat aboard; but the barque gave her no chance, running on without slacking sail, or showing any other sign of a wish to communicate.

Standing by itself, the tale of the brig's crew might have been taken for a sailor's yarn; and as they admitted it to be "nearly night," the obscurity would account for the skin-clothing. But, coupled with the report of another vessel the frigate had spoken, a whaler, even this seemed to receive corroboration.

The words that came through the whaler's trumpet were:

"Barque sighted, latitude 10:22 S., longitude 95 W. Polacca-masted. All sail set. Ensign reversed. Chilian. Men seen on board covered with red hair, supposed skin-dresses. Tried to come up, but could not. Barque a fast sailer—went away down the wind."

Already in receipt of such strange intelligence, no wonder at the frigate's crew feeling something more than mere surprise at the sight of a vessel, corresponding to that about which the tale has been told. For they are now near enough the barque to see that she answers the description given: "polacca-masted—all sail set—ensign reversed—Chilian."

And her behavior is as reported: sailing away from those who wish to answer her appealing signal, to all appearance endeavoring to shun them!

Only now has the chase in reality commenced. Hitherto the frigate was but keeping her own course. But the signal of distress, just sighted through the telescope, has drawn her on; and, with canvas crowded, she steers straight for the polacca.

The latter is unquestionably a fast sailer; but, although too swift for the whaler, she is not a match for the man-of-war, but the chase is likely to be a long one.

As it continues, and the distance does not seem very much, or very rapidly diminishing, the frigate's crew begin to doubt whether that craft will ever be overhauled or overtaken. On the fore-deck sailors stand in groups, mingled with marines, their eyes bent upon the retreating barque, pronouncing their comments in muttered tones, and with brows overcast.

A fancy has sprung up around the forecastle, that the chased ship is no ship at all, but a specter!

This fancy is gradually growing into a belief, faster as they draw nearer, and with naked eye note her correspondence with the reports of the spoken vessels.

They have not yet seen the skin-clad men—if men they be. About this there are doubts, fancies, fears. More like, say some of the more superstitious, they will prove *to be specters!*

The captain, surrounded by his officers, stands glass in hand gazing at the sail ahead. The frigate, though a fine war-vessel, is not one of the fastest sailers, else she might ere this have lapped upon the polacca. Still, has she been gradually gaining, and is now less than a league astern.

But the breeze has been also gradually declining, which is against her; and for the last hour she has rather lost than gained.

To compensate for this, she has let out studding-sails on all her yards, even to the royals; and again makes promise soon to bring the chase to a termination.

But again is there disappointment. In five minutes after, the frigate's sails are flapping against the masts, and her flag hangs half-folded.

In five more the sails only show motion by an occasional clout; while the flag droops dead downward.

And in ten minutes time the huge war ship, despite her spread canvas, lies motionless—the sea around her smooth as a swan-pond!

CHAPTER II.

BECALMED.

A CALM coming so suddenly, just at a crisis when there were hopes of the frigate overtaking the chased vessel—what can this mean? Old sailors shake their heads, and refuse to make answer; while younger ones, less cautious of speech, boldly pronounce the barque a specter! The legends of the Phantom Ship and Flying Dutchman circulate from lip to lip, as they stand straining their eyes after the still receding vessel, for clearly is she sailing on, with waves rippling around her!

"As I told ye, mates," says an old tar, "we'd never catch up with that craft—not if we stood after her till doomsday. And doomsday it might be for us, if we did."

"I hope she'll keep on, and leave us a good spell to leeward," rejoins a second. "It's a foolish thing followin' her; and, for my part, I hope we *won't* catch up with her."

"You need have no fear about that," says the first speaker. "Just look at her! *She's making way yet!* I believe she can sail as well without wind as with it."

Scarce are the words spoken, when, as if to contradict them, the sails of the polacca commence clouting against the masts; while her flag, hitherto spread, becomes no longer distinguishable as a signal of distress. The breeze that has failed the frigate is now also dead around the barque; and she too lies becalmed.

"What do you make her out, Mr. Black?" asks the captain of his first lieutenant, as both stand with leveled glasses.

"Not any thing, sir," replies the lieutenant; "except that she shows the Chilian ensign reversed. I can't see face or figure of man aboard of her. Just now I noticed something over the taffrail that looked like a head. But it ducked suddenly, and has not shown again."

A short silence succeeds, the officers busied with their binoculars, endeavoring to catch sight of the head spoken of.

The frigate's commander at length speaks:

"Well, gentlemen, I must say this is singular. In all my experience at sea, I don't remember having met any thing like it. What trick the Chilian barque—if she be Chilian—is up to, I can't guess, for the life of me. It can not be a case of privateering or piracy. The thing has no guns; and if she had, she appears to have no men to handle them. It's a riddle all round; and to get the reading of it, I suppose we'll have to send a boat to her."

"I don't think we'll get a very willing crew, sir," says the first lieutenant, suggestively. "The men forward are quite superstitious about the chase; and think she may prove to be either the Phantom Ship or Flying Dutchman. When the boatswain pipes for a boat's crew, I fancy some of them will feel as if his whistle was a signal for them to walk the plank."

The remark causes the captain to smile, along with the other officers. Two of the officers, however, abstain from this exhibition of merriment. They are the third lieutenant and one of the midshipmen—on both of whose brows a cloud sits, seeming to grow darker each moment. They are both, evidently, intensely interested in the strange craft.

"Isn't it strange," continues the commander, musingly, "that your genuine tar, who will board an enemy's ship, crawling across the muzzle of a shotted gun—who has no fear of death in human shape, will act like a scared child when it threatens him in the guise of the Devil? I have no doubt, as you say, Mr. Black, that those fellows by the forecastle are a bit shy about boarding the barque. Come, gentlemen! let me show you how to send their shyness adrift. I know them well, and can do it with a single word!"

The captain steps forward, the other officers following him.

When within speaking distance of the forward-deck, he stops, and makes sign that he has something to say. The tars are all attention.

"My lads!" exclaims their commander, "you see that barque we've been chasing; and at her mast-head a flag reversed—which you all know to be a signal of distress? That is a signal never to be disregarded by an American ship—much less an American man-of-war. Lieutenant! order a boat to be lowered, and let the boatswain pipe for a crew. Only volunteers will be taken. Those who wish to go will muster on the main-deck."

A loud "hurrah!" responds to the appeal; and while its echoes are still resounding through the ship, the whole frigate's crew seem crowding toward the main-deck. There are scores of volunteers, enough to man all the boats aboard.

"Now, gentlemen!" says the captain, turning to his officers with a proud expression upon his

face, "there's the Yankee sailor for you. I've said he fears not man. And when humanity makes call, you see neither is he frightened at the Devil!"

A second cheer at the close of the speech, mingled with good-humored remarks, though not any loud laughter. The sailors simply acknowledge the compliment their captain has paid them; at the same time feeling that the moment is too sacred for merriment. Too solemn besides; for their instinct of humanity is yet under control of the weird feeling.

As the captain turns aft to the quarter, many of them fall away toward the fore-deck, till the group of volunteers for boarding becomes greatly diminished.

Still stay enough to man the largest boat in the ship.

"What boat is it to be?"

The question asked by the first-lieutenant, as he follows the captain aft.

"The cutter," answers his superior, adding: "I think, Mr. Black, there's no necessity for sending any other boat. The cutter's crew will be sufficient. As to any fear of hostility on board the barque, that is absurd. We could blow her out of water with a single broadside."

"Who is to command the cutter, sir?"

The captain reflects, with a look cast inquiringly around.

His eye falls upon the third-lieutenant, who stands near, seemingly courting the glance.

It is short and decisive. He knows the third officer to be a thorough seaman, and though young, capable of any duty, however delicate or dangerous. Without any further hesitation he appoints him to the command of the boarding-boat.

The latter enters upon the service with anxious alacrity—something more than the mere obedience due to discipline.

In a moment he is by the ship's side, superintending the lowering of the cutter—a task already begun.

He does not stand at rest, but is seen to help and hasten it, eager impatience sparkling in his eye.

While thus occupied he is accosted by another officer, younger than himself: the midshipman already mentioned.

"Can I go along with you?" he asks, respectfully saluting his superior.

"Certainly, my dear fellow!" responds the lieutenant in friendly, familiar tone; "I shall only be too pleased to have you. But as you know, you must get the captain's consent. Go and try."

The young officer glides aft, sees the frigate's commander upon the quarter-deck, and saluting says:

"Captain, may I go with the cutter?"

"Well, yes," responds the chief; "I have no objection."

Then, after taking a survey of him, he adds: "Why do you want to go, young sir?"

The youth blushes without replying. There is a cast upon his countenance that strikes the questioner, and somewhat puzzles him.

But there is no time for either further inquiry or reflection. The cutter is already lowered, and rests upon the water. Her crew is crowding into her, and she will soon be shoved off from the ship.

"Go!" commanded the captain. "Report yourself to the third-lieutenant, and tell him I sent you. You're young, and, like all youngsters, you want to gain glory, I suppose."

The young reefer glides away from the quarter-deck, lightly leaps over the bulwarks, drops down the companion, and takes his seat in the now waiting cutter, alongside the lieutenant.

Little dreamt his captain dismissing him, that in that young sailor's heart there is a thought very different from what he himself divined—that his motive for requesting to be of the cutter's crew is far stronger than any that could be called forth by fame or glory.

CHAPTER III.

THE CUTTER'S CREW.

THE two ships still lie becalmed in the same relative position to one another, having changed from it scarce a cable's length, and lying stem to stern, just as the last breath of the breeze, blown gently against their sail, forsook them.

On both the canvas is still spread, though not bellied. It hangs limp and loose, giving an occasional flap, so feeble as to show that it proceeds less from a current of air than a mere balancing motion of the vessel. For there is now not enough air stirring to float the feathers in the tail of a tropic-bird.

Both ships are motionless, their forms reflected in the water, so that each has its counterpart, keel to keel. But for the pointing of their masts, and reversed order of their rigging, four vessels might be fancied instead of two.

Between, the sea is smooth as a mirror, with that tranquil calm which has given to the Pacific its distinctive and soft-sounding appellation.

"Shove off!" commanded the lieutenant commanding the cutter.

Parting from the frigate's beam, the trim craft is steered straight for the becalmed barque, while all on board the man-of-war stand watching her, their eyes in turn set upon the strange vessel. From the frigate's forward-deck the men have an unobstructed view—especially those clustering around the head. Still there is a league between; and with the naked eye this hinders observation. They can but see the white spread sails, and the black hull underneath them. The flag, now fallen, is scarce distinguishable from the mast, along which it hangs clinging. They can only tell its color, which is above crimson, with blue and white underneath—the reversed order of the Chilian ensign. Its lone star is no longer visible—nor aught of its heraldry late speaking sad.

But, if their sight fails to furnish them with details, these are amply supplied by their imagination. One can see men aboard the barque; scores, ay, hundreds of them!

After all she may be a pirate; and the upside-down ensign a decoy trick. Upon another tack she may be even a swifter sailing vessel than she has shown herself before the wind; and, knowing this, has been but playing with the frigate! If so, God help the cutter's crew!

These are human fears of the common kind felt, and expressed by many, upon the forward-deck of the frigate. But they are in no proportion to those who cling to a belief in the supernatural.

These stand gazing, now at the boat, now at the barque, expecting every moment to see the former sink beneath the sea; and the latter either tend off or melt into invisible air!

On parting from the ship the cutter has a league of calm sea to be cleft by her keel. A short league; and she will soon cleave it.

Manned by ten strong men, with as many oars propelling, she cuts the water like a knife; at times skimming so lightly as to seem leaping out of it.

The lieutenant, seated in the stern-sheets, with the midshipman by his side, directs the movements of the boat; while his glance is kept constantly upon the barque. So, also, that of the mid. In the eyes of both is an earnest expression, quite different from that of ordinary interrogation.

The men may not observe it; or, if they do, it is without comprehension of its meaning. They can but think of it as resembling their own, and coming from a like cause. For, although with backs turned toward the polacca, they cast occasional glances over their shoulders, in which curiosity is commingled with apprehension.

Despite their natural courage, strengthened by the late appeal to their humanity, the awe of the mysterious is again on them. Insidiously returning as they took seat in the boat, it increases as they go further from the ship and nearer to the strange vessel.

Less than half an hour elapses, and they are within a cable's length of the becalmed barque.

"Hold now!" commands the lieutenant.

The oar-stroke is promptly suspended, the blades held high above the water. The boat ceases way, and rests stationary upon the ocean.

All eyes are bent upon the barque; glances swept searchingly along her bulwarks, from poop to prow.

No preparations to receive them! No one seen—not so much as a single head!

"Barque, ahoy!" hails the lieutenant.

"Barque, ahoy!" is heard in fainter tone. It is no answer. Only the echo of the officer's voice, coming back from the hollow timbers of the becalmed vessel. Then there is a grim silence, more profound than ever. For the men in the boat ceased muttering, their awe so intense as to hold them speechless.

"Barque, ahoy!" again shouts the lieutenant, louder than before. But with like result. As before only echoes.

There is either no one aboard, or no one who thinks worth while to answer.

The first supposition seems absurd, looking at the sail; the second equally so looking at the flag, and taking into account its character.

A third hail from the officer, this time vociferated in loudest voice, with the interrogatory added: "Any one aboard?"

To the question no reply, any more than to the hail. Silence continues.

The men in the boat begin to doubt the evidence of their senses. Is there a ship before their eyes? Or is it all a delusion?

How can a vessel be under sail—full sail—without crew aboard of her? And if any, why does no one show at her side? Why does the hail thrice spoken—loudly shouted—remain unanswered? The last time loud enough to have been heard in the hold. It should have awakened even a sailor asleep in the forecastle!

"Give way again!" cries the lieutenant. "Bring up on the larboard side, coxswain; under the fore-chains."

The oars are dipped, and the cutter propelled on.

Scarce is she in motion when once more the lieutenant calls, "Hold!"

With his voice mingle others coming from on board the barque. Her crew seem at length to have awaked out of their sleep or stupor. A noise is heard upon her deck, as of a scuffle, accompanied by cries of strange intonation.

Soon two heads, apparently human, show above the bulwarks; their faces flesh-colored, and thinly covered with hair. Then the whole bodies appear, also human-like, save that they are hairy all over—hair of a foxy-red!

They spring up the shrouds inside; and, clutching the ratlines, shake them with quick, violent jerks, at the same time uttering what appears angry speech, in an unknown tongue, and harsh, croaking voice, as if chiding off the intruders.

Only a short way up the shrouds, just as far as they could spring from the deck. Only a little while there. Then they drop down again, disappearing as suddenly as they had shown themselves!

The lieutenant's command was a word thrown away. Without it the men would have discontinued their stroke.

They have done so, and sit with bated breath, eyes strained, ears listening, and lips mute—as if all had been suddenly struck dumb!

Silence throughout the boat—silence aboard the barque—silence everywhere; the only sound being the "drip-drop" of the water, as it falls from the feathered oar-blades.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOARD.

FOR a time the cutter's crew remain speechless, not one of them essaying to speak a word. They are so less from surprise, than sheer, stark terror.

This is depicted on their faces, and no wonder. A ship manned by hairy men—a crew of veritable Oisons!

One alone musters courage sufficient to speak in a half-whisper:

"Great God, shipmates, what can it all mean?"

But this superstitious fear, pervading the cutter's crew, does not extend to the two officers. They too have their fears, but of a different kind, and from a different cause. As yet neither has communicated to the other what he himself thinks. The appearance of the red men upon the ratlines—strange to the sailors—seems to have made things more intelligible to them. Judging by the expression upon their faces, both comprehend what has puzzled their companions; and with a sense of anxiety more than fear—more doubt than dismay.

The lieutenant speaks:

"Give way! Quick! Pull in! Head on for the fore-chains!"

His manner is excited; he is nervously impatient.

The men execute the order slowly, and with evident reluctance, but they obey; and soon the prow of the boat strikes the barque abeam.

"Grapple on!" sings out the senior officer, soon as touching.

A boat-hook takes grip in the chains; and the cutter, swinging round, lies at rest alongside.

The lieutenant is already on his feet, as also the mid.

The former, ordering the coxswain to follow, and the men to remain steady at their oars, leaps up to the chains, lays hold of them, and lifts himself aloft.

With like alacrity the reefer follows; and after him the coxswain.

Obedient to orders, the men remain in the boat, still seated upon the thwarts, in wonder at the reckless daring of their officers—at the same time silently admiring it.

Balancing himself on the bulwarks, steadied by a stay, the lieutenant looks down upon the deck of the polacca. His glance sweeps it forward, aft, and amidships; ranging from stem to stern, and back again.

Nothing seen there to explain the strangeness of things—nothing heard! No sailor on her fore-deck, nor officer on her quarter. Only the two strange beings that have already shown themselves on the shrouds.

These are still visible, one of them standing by the main-mast, the other crouching near the caboose. Both again give out their jabbering speech, accompanying it with gestures of menace.

Disregarding this, the lieutenant leaps down upon the deck, and makes toward them; the mid and coxswain keeping close after him.

At his approach, the hirsute monsters retreat, not scared-like, but with a show of defiance, as if disposed to contest possession of the deck. They give back, however, bit by bit; till at length ceasing to dispute, they shuffle toward the quarter, and then on to the poop.

Strange, neither of the officers pay any attention to their demonstrations; and the movement aft is not made for them! Both seem excited by other thoughts—something else urging them on. Alone the coxswain is mystified by the hairy men, and some little alarmed; but without speaking, he follows his superiors.

Having boarded the barque by the fore-chains, the officers must pass the caboose going aft. Its sliding-panel is open; and getting opposite, the three men come to a stand, a faint cry issuing out of the cook's quarters.

Looking in, they behold a startling spectacle.

On the bench in front of the galley fire—which shows as if long extinguished—sits a man bolt upright, his back against the bulkhead. Is it a man, or only the dead body of one? Certainly it is a human figure; or, speaking more precisely, a human skeleton with the skin still on—this as black as the coal-cinders in the grate in front of it.

It is a negro, and living; for at sight of them he shows motion, and makes an attempt to speak.

Only the coxswain stays to listen, or hear what he has to say. The others hurry on aft, making straight for the cabin.

It is 'tween-decks, approached by a stairway. Reaching this, they rush down, and stand before the door, which they find shut. Only closed, not locked. It yields to the turning of the handle; and opening, gives them admission.

They enter hastily, without ceremony or announcement. Once inside, they as quickly come to a stop, both looking aghast. The spectacle in the caboose was naught to that now before their eyes. That was only startling. This is appalling.

It is the main-cabin they have entered; not a large one, for the polacca has not been intended to carry passengers. Still it is snug, and large enough to give room to a table, six feet by four. Such a one stands in its center, its legs fixed in the floor; with four chairs around it, also fast.

On the table are decanters and dishes, alongside glasses and plates. It is a dessert-service; and on the dishes are fruits, cakes and sweetmeats—with fragments of these upon the plates. The decanters contain wines of different sorts; and there is the same in the glasses, some of them part full.

There are four sets of them, corresponding to the four chairs; where, to all appearance, four guests had been seated at dessert. Two of the chairs are empty; as if those who occupied them had retired from the table, either to an inner state-room or on deck.

It is the side-chairs that are empty; and a fan lying on one, with a scarf over the back of that opposite, proclaim their late occupants to have been ladies.

The other two guests are still seated at the table, head and foot—facing one another. And, oh, God, such guests!

Both are men; unlike him in the caboose, they are white. But, like him, they too appear in the extreme of emaciation; jaws with the skin drawn tightly over them, cheek-bones prominent, chins protruding, and eyes sunken in their sockets.

Not dead either, for their eyes, glancing and glaring, still show life.

There is no other evidence of it. Sitting stiff in their chairs, rigidly erect, they make no attempt to stir, no motion of either body or limbs, but look as if from both all strength had departed, their famished figures showing the last stages of starvation!

And this in front of a table furnished with choice wines, fruits, and other comestibles; in short, loaded with delicacies!

What can it all mean?

Not this question, but a cry from the lips of the two officers, as they stand regarding the mysterious tableau.

Only for an instant. Then the lieutenant, springing back up the stairway, rushes on to the side, and calls out:

"Back to the ship, and bring the surgeon! Quick, cutters! *Quick!*"

The boat's crew, obedient, push off with unusual alacrity. They are but too glad to get away from the weird spot.

As they pull back to the frigate, with faces turned toward the barque, and eyes searchingly bent upon her, they see naught there to give them a clue to the conduct of their officers—or in any way elucidate the series of mysteries, now prolonged into a chain.

And, as they recede from the strange vessel, one of them—still clinging to the belief that she is a specter—shakes his head, saying:

"Shipmates! we may never see that lieutenant again, nor that young reefer, nor the old cox—never!"

CHAPTER V.

THE CUTTER'S RETURN.

MEANWHILE, on board the man-of-war, all stand regarding the barque, at the same time watching the movements of the boat.

Only those who have glasses can see what is passing, and this but indistinctly. For the day is not a bright one. Besides, there is a haze over the sea hindering observation. It has arisen after the fall of the wind; perhaps caused by the calm, the increased heat drawing evaporation from the surface-water.

It is but a film; yet at such a distance interfering with the view through the telescopes.

Those who are there can just tell that the cutter has closed in upon the strange vessel, and is lying alone under the foremast shrouds. Some of her crew seem to swarm up the chains as if boarding.

This can not be told for certain. The haze around the barque is more dense than elsewhere, as if steam were passing off from her sides, and through the reek objects show confusedly.

While the frigate's officers are straining their eyes to make out the movements of the cutter, one of sharper sight than the rest cries out:

"See! the boat is coming back!"

Certainly she has shoved off from the side, and the men are in motion bending to their oars. She has separated from the strange vessel, and is rowing back, beyond doubt.

All see it now, and with some surprise. It is not ten minutes since she grappled on. Why such sudden separation?

While they are conjecturing as to its cause, the same officer again sees something that has escaped the observation of the others. There are but eight oars, instead of ten—the regulation strength of the cutter; and ten men where before there were thirteen. Three of the boat's crew are missing!

This need not cause alarm, nor to the frigate's officers does it, that the three have gone aboard the barque; and for some reason, whatever it be, elected to stay there. They know their brother officer to be not only a brave man, but one of quick decision and prompt action. In this case it is as might be expected. He has boarded the distressed barque, discovered the cause of distress, and sent the cutter back to bring whatever is needed for her relief. Thus reasons the quarter-deck.

It is different before the mast. There have sprung up suspicions about the missing men; fears that some misfortune may have happened them. True, there were no shots heard, nor flashes seen—no signs of a struggle. Still men could be killed without firearms; and savages might use other and less noiseless weapons. The tale of the skin-clad men gives color to this suggestion. But then their own men went armed, the cutter's crew, in addition to their cutlasses, being provided with boarding-pistols. Had they been attacked, they would not have retreated without discharging them—no, not to leave three of their number behind. And there had been no show of a fight—none seen.

All the more mystery; and, pondering upon it, the frigate's crew fall back to their faith in the supernatural. Surely is the polacca a specter!

Meanwhile the cutter is making way across the stretch of calm sea separating the two vessels; and although less than her full complement of oars, she is cleaving the water quickly. The movements of the men indicate excitement, and show them pulling with all their strength—as if rowing in a regatta.

Soon they are near enough to be individually distinguished; and it is seen that neither of the officers are in the boat. Nor yet the coxswain, one of the displaced oarsmen having hold of the tiller-ropes.

This is a little strange. At least the mid should have come back in charge of the boat.

Still it is not much, and the frigate's officers dismiss it from their minds. They are all too anxious to hear the views, the report expected from the strange vessel. Whether a tale of distress or not, it can not fail to be interesting.

As the boat forges nearer, and the filmy haze less obscures their vision, they can distinguish the faces of the two men seated in the stern-sheets. They can see that they are pallid, with an expression between doubt and fear, which no one can interpret.

No one tries. All stand silently waiting.

The cutter at length comes alongside, sweeping past the bows, and bringing up on the frigate's starboard beam, under the main-chains.

The officers step forward along the gangway, and stand looking over the bulwarks; while the men come crowding aft, as far as permited.

The curiosity of all receives a check—an abrupt disappointment. There is no news from the barque, save the meager scrap contained in the lieutenant's order: "Bring the surgeon."

Beyond this the cutter's crew know nothing.

Yes, something. They have seen the hairy men! Seen and heard them, though without understanding a word of what these had said. Two of the strange beings had rushed up the shrouds, shook the ratlines, and shouted at the cutter's people, as if scolding them off!

They had heard them jabbering at the officers, after these went aboard; and, on pulling away from the polacca, they could see them standing upon her poop, just abaft the binnacle!

The tale spreads like wildfire through the frigate, fore and aft, quick as a train of gunpowder, ignited. It is everywhere talked of and commented on.

On the quarter it is deemed strange enough; while forward it has further strengthened the thought already rife—the belief in something weird, supermundane.

They give credulous ear to the sailor, again repeating what he has said in the boat, using the same words:

"We may never see that lieutenant again, nor that young reefer, nor the old cox—*never!*"

The boding speech seems as if a prophecy, soon to be realized—if not so already. Scarce has it passed his lips, when a cry rings through the ship, that startles all aboard—thrilling them more intensely than ever.

While the men have been speculating upon the message brought back from the barque, and exchanging conjectures upon it, while the officers has been hastening its execution—the surgeon getting out his instruments, with such *epitomized pharmacopœia* as the occasion seems to call for—the strange vessel has been for a time forgotten, or unthought of.

The cry raised recalls her to their minds, causing them to rush toward the frigate's side, and bend their eyes upon the barque.

No, not *on* her. That they can not do. Only in the direction where she was last seen. For, to the astonishment of most, and the terror of many, *the polacca has disappeared!*

(*To be continued.*)

Stealing a Heart:

OR,

THE RIVAL HALF-SISTERS.

A TALE OF THE TIDES OF LOVE.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK HAND," "IRON AND GOLD," "RED SCORPION," "PEARL OF PEARLS," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "CAT AND TIGER," "FLAMING TALISMAN," "BLACK CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

DEVIL OR ANGEL?

"FAILURE—failure!" were the words of the woman, as she gazed on the young man's palm.

"Failure!" exclaimed Gowan; "what do you mean by that, hag?"

"It is written that you would come here—come on a strange mission. The stars have told—the stars; and 'failure' is lettered on this hand which I hold in mine."

"Out! Come, Yost—she is drunk."

"Wait a moment. Let her finish her talk."

"A confounded gabble!" the lawyer protested.

"Oh-o! I see it now," croaked she, unheeding Gowan's impatience. "There's a scheme afoot; a deep-laid scheme. See: these lines mean plots—and that spot, where the curved lines cross, is an heir that will come to claim a grand estate. Here's money."

They looked at each other with a start of surprise, and the moody-faced lawyer became suddenly attentive.

Her speech of heirs, estates and money awakened an interest in him.

"Well, hag?—go on."

"But, there's more," resumed Bec., in her low, weird, croaking voice; "here are vexations—and they are many. You are aspiring high, young man; there's something, of golden value, you wish to attain. But, I said 'failure,' just now, and the word is glaring here."

"Do you hear, Gowan?"

"Yes. I say she is drunk. Let us move, and be rid of her."

"You are about to undertake something," went on the fortune-teller. "There is an heir coming from somewhere—perhaps you claim to be the one. But, mark well the words of Bec. Foara—for she reads the secrets of the firmament, and the future, to her, is like a printed page. Listen: this is what I read in the hand I hold:

"A handsome man will travel far
To claim St. Sylvin's broad estate;
But his is not the lucky star
That guides men on to fortune's gate!

"For he who first shall tread the hall
He seeks to own—his fortune flies;
In failure all his plots shall fall—
Another claimant wins the prize!

So—so—I have earned my silver-piece."

"By a dismal prophecy, I swear!" exclaimed Yost.

"Begone, you witch!" cried Gowan, angrily, and spurring his horse forward. "Come, Yost. If this hag says much more I'll be in a rage!"

They rode toward the mansion.

"I've got enough of it myself," the young gambler said. "Her fortune-telling doesn't bode much good for our plans."

"Pah! It's all nonsense."

"But, she seemed actually to know what brought us here. She said that the first claimant would fail, and another heir would come forward and be successful. Did you mark that?"

"Stuff, I say!"

"Are there other aspirants to the heritage besides myself?" continued Yost, persistently, and much to Gowan's annoyance.

"Curse the babbling witch!" was the only return.

Bec. watched them till they had dismounted near the porch, and turned their horses over to a ready slave.

Then, going to the bush, she said:

"Max, stay here, and watch those men. Remember all you see them do, and try to hear what they say. To-night, when it is dark, bring me word of all that happens. They are the enemies of the man with the scar."

"Then Max 'll watch 'em close, for they must be Max's enemies too. My eyes will be on them, like the hawk's, as it soars near its prey. When the birds have gone to sleep, and the owl hoots in the woods, then I'll be at the cabin, swift as the shooting-star; and I'll bring the news."

"Watch close," was the parting admonition of old Bec., moving away—not hobbling crippled-like, as she had appeared a few moments before; but erect and supple, as if her years were but a feather's weight in the scale of her vigor, she hurried along at a rapid gait.

Max directed his attention to the mansion.

Skulking behind the trees, he began cautiously to approach the parlor windows. Immense growths of the running rose and *arbor-vitæ* tangled here against the porch and wall; and he meant to gain the thick screen, where he could spy upon the doings of those within.

The youth had nearly reached the hiding-place when his ears were startled by a piercing scream. It was close to him—he wheeled and beheld a female form, with pallid, frightened face, fleeing as if for life.

It was Cora.

Behind her—its great eyes fiery with wickedness, its nozzle foaming, and long horns lowered to the charge—was a mad bull in full chase.

The hoofs of the infuriated animal thundered on the sward, and its huge body plunged forward, at that moment, almost onto the object of pursuit.

Again the shriek of terror echoed through the grove.

Transfixed for a second only, Max uttered a loud cry, and sprung forward.

Tearing off his red jacket, he waved it in the very face of the bull, and endeavored to draw it from its course.

He was successful. With a snort of fury, it made for him. But Max darted quickly aside, and escaped the deadly lunge of the horns.

Again the beast charged upon him; and again the boy eluded his fierce foe—crying to Cora to run for her life.

But, she seemed powerless to move. She stood, with whitened face and straining eyes, gazing on the scene; and her hands involuntarily clasped in a dread that the preservation of her own life was to result in the sacrifice of another.

"Run! Run!" shouted Max, as he jumped away from before the snorting, plunging, death-bent enemy, for the twentieth time.

He was growing tired. His exertion was too much. Already he was panting for breath; and yet the bull fought at him, as if its own madness and redoubling rage made it stronger, more dangerous in the strange conflict.

The dagger that Max ever carried, was gleaming in circles in the air; by many an adroit spring, he had buried the bright blade in places over the foam-wet hide.

But, it could not last for long—he tripped; and, in an instant, the monster, with a roar, was dashing upon his prostrate form.

Cora clapped her hands to her eyes in terror.

Crack! burst the report of a rifle.

A bellowing scream issued from the red throat of the bull, and it paused, with limbs apart, head hung, and eyes ablaze.

The whiz and thud of a bullet! A gush of blood from the very center of the hairy breast.

"The man with the scar!" hallooed Max, regaining his feet, and flying to a place of safety. "The man with the scar has saved Max's life again! Ho! ho! won't the ravens crow when they hear how somebody saved the poor mad boy!"

Cora, aroused by the sound of the shot, and the delighted tones of the youth, looked up and around her. As she did so, she could not suppress a sharp exclamation, recoiling with it:

"Hendrick Wayn!"

He was standing near her, contemplating her with a gaze, half-calm, half-stern.

"Yes, siren—false one—it is I! I witnessed your peril, and would have saved you. But this poor mad fellow did that, and my bullet sped in his service instead."

"See!" cried the youth, joining them, and pointing toward the bull.

The wounded brute was staggering; its massive body quivered, and its limbs shook beneath it. Then it sunk to the ground in a limp heap, expiring by throes.

"I am glad I do not owe my life to you, Hendrick Wayn."

"Hendrick Wayn died some time ago," he corrected, meaningly. "I am Hendrick Weston. I would have saved your life, Cora St. Sylvin, for purposes of my own. I want my revenge. Once, I was ready to grovel at your feet—you remember: the old time, when you yielded your lips to mine and swore eternal fidelity to our vows. An oath as false as the lips I kissed. I am living only for revenge—nothing more; and *I will have* it, if it takes my own blood as its price! You have planted a thorn in my bosom, that can only be drawn out by a joy at seeing you suffer as you have made *me* suffer—seeing you tortured by the same agonies that have made my existence wretched. You love my brother. You foolishly imagine that you can win him—ha! ha! ha! Go on, Cora St. Sylvin; my triumph is sure to come, and you will, one day, learn how a man can hate."

"Your hate can never equal mine for you!" she said, between locked teeth.

"You think not? Wait. I will have my triumph; and I will yet see you in the tears of relenting—miserable in the retribution of your heartlessness. I have sworn it shall be so!"

Without deigning to retort, and with lips curling scornfully, she turned from him abruptly.

But Max stood directly in her path. His dazzling eyes were feasting on her beauty; his brown face was all aglow.

"Sweet Bird," he said, giving her the name, "you haven't thanked me yet. Why, the owl with the broken leg promised not to hoot at me any more, when I picked it up tenderly in the woods, and made it a bed of pine; and the songsters in the forest always praise me, when I tell them stories about the dream I had so long ago. Why don't you thank me, Sweet Bird?—and I'll tell the zephyrs in the meadow

to sing about you. But," his head drooping sorrowfully, "I'm only a poor, mad thing, they say; so nobody cares."

Cora seized one of his dirty hands, and held it between her own dainty, white palms, while she said, warmly:

"I do thank you, boy; for I owe my life to you. I shall always remember you; and if I ever can, I will repay you for what you have done. Here—take this ring. Keep it as long as you live; and remember, it was given you by Cora St. Sylvin."

She drew a heavy ring, with a pearl cross set, from one of her fingers, and gave it to him. Then, with another glance of scorn and contempt at Hendrick Weston, who was a silent listener to what passed, she hurried in the direction of the house.

"To think that I ever professed a love for that man!" she fairly hissed. "*Him*—a foundling! a gambler! Pah!"

Max was gazing at the ring; his eyes sparkled with delight as he looked down on the gift.

"What a pretty thing!" he murmured, holding it first one way, and then another. "Cora St. Sylvin! Cora St. Sylvin!—St. Sylvin? That's the name I heard in the glad dream I had so long ago—and the birds whistled merrily as they played in the sunbeams near the feet of a beautiful woman. 'Sweet Bird's' face is very much like the woman's I saw in the dream. And isn't she pretty?—ho! beautiful!"

"Max—Max, beware of the woman who gave you that ring," advised Weston.

The mad youth appeared astonished; and as he looked up and saw the deep, dark frown in Weston's face, he felt awed.

"Why, she is an angel!" the boy said, whisperingly.

"*A devil!*" Hendrick exclaimed; and whirling round on his heel, he left Max looking after him in wonder.

"A devil?" he muttered, presently; "no—no—devils are uglier than the nasty bats that fly in the night, with split feet, and faces black and full of evil. 'Sweet Bird' is pretty—pretty—pretty!"

CHAPTER VII.

NOT WITHOUT A BATTLE.

MADAME ST. SYLVIN was still sitting in the large, comfortable chair, muttering strangely to herself, when a slave entered, bearing a card.

"What's this, Nannie?—a visitor?"

"Yes, madame."

She had no sooner read the name upon the card, than she betrayed great confusion. Her sickly-pale face reddened, and she stared at the slave girl incredulously.

"*Jaspar Gowan!*—he here! The villain! Bid him begone, Nannie. Tell him I am not to be seen. Have him put out of the house. How does he dare! Go—quick."

Madame's outburst terminated in a fit of violent coughing; and the slave gaped at her, undecided how to act.

"Do you hear me?" exclaimed the old lady, between gasps. "Go and tell him to leave my house! I won't see him—"

"Yes, you will see him, Ermine St. Sylvin," broke in the grating voice of Jaspar Gowan; and that individual appeared in the doorway.

Yost was behind the lawyer, looking over the latter's shoulder.

Madame was choking with anger. Her dim eyes brightened wonderfully as she fixed them, glaringly, on the intruders.

"Leave the room!" ordered Gowan, addressing the slave; and when the girl was out of sight and hearing, he came forward with a pompous air, while Yost followed him, swaggering.

"I say you will hear us," he repeated, throwing himself into a chair before her. "We have business together; an old score to settle. Five years ago you defied and abused me, when I merely asked you to fulfill your part of a contract between us. Now, it is my turn."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, a little huskily.

Age had not damped the fires of passion in the spirit of Madame St. Sylvin. The hand that held the crooked cane was trembling with a half-curbed excitement; her cheeks were colored—an unusual thing for her—by the presence, the confident bearing, the significant tone of Jaspar Gowan.

"You well know what I mean," Gowan said, with a nod. "Yost?"

"Ay, sir."

"Listen! I am going to tell you why I have spent so much money and labor in finding you. What I am about to say, Mrs. St. Sylvin is already familiar with; but she must be content to hear, also."

Madame was silent.

"A little over five years ago, Edgar St. Sylvin was dying. He sent for me, to write out his will. When I came, I was intercepted, in this very parlor, by Mrs. St. Sylvin, who made me a very strange proposition.

"Edgar St. Sylvin, her son, was once married to a Northern beauty, named Constance Faynhope. By her he had a child, who was called Cora. But they were not happy together, and when the child was not quite two years old, they separated—he taking Cora. Just after this separation, she had another babe, and died in giving it birth. Edgar came to Myrtleworth. He had not been here a week before he fell in love with the seamstress employed by his mother; and, ere the lapse of another week—having heard of the death of Constance—he married the girl, whose name was Lozone. By this wife he had a child, whom they called Myrtle. But, Mrs. St. Sylvin was enraged; she felt the dignity of her family insulted by the match—claiming that Lozone was beneath him. From the hour of the marriage ceremony she began to devise means for the separation of the two. At last she succeeded—and so cleverly, too, that the certificate, record, all were missing. Madame hated Myrtle, at that time, because of her mother. Though, ere Myrtle had grown to the age of fifteen years—about the date of the transaction which I shall mention—the child had won its way to the best affections of its grandmother.

"Mrs. St. Sylvin had learned that Constance, the first wife of Edgar, gave birth to another child shortly subsequent to separating from her husband; and she ascertained that the babe, which was a boy, had been christened Mark St. Sylvin. Edgar had repented of casting off his second wife; both he and his mother heard that she had had a second child, and died; more, the name of *this* babe was, also, Mark St. Sylvin. She suspected that Edgar meant to bequeath a vast amount to this child by his second wife; and she did not wish it to be so. She offered me ten thousand dollars to arrange the will, so that every thing might revert to Mark St. Sylvin, the heir by Constance—the property and moneys to remain in trust with her until the heir came forward. But I had to deceive Edgar St. Sylvin, for he was still in a condition to read; and her suspicions were correct—he *did* intend leaving every thing to the child by Lozone, even excluding Myrtle. I wrote two wills: one, in favor of the heir by Lozone, I showed him; the other, in favor of the heir by Constance, I showed Mrs. St. Sylvin. The first was signed by him. But, when I turned to Mrs. St. Sylvin and a friend of hers, for their signatures as witnesses, I presented the other document, on which I had previously forged an admirable imitation of Edgar's autograph—one that to-day will bear closest inspection. I afterward stole the paper, and have had it ever since. The will to benefit Lozone's child vanished in a most mysterious manner, while we were all in the room. At the time it worried me—though it had no date. When I went to Mrs. St. Sylvin, to claim my reward, she laughed at me—offered me a hundred dollars as a price for my services. I remonstrated and pleaded; but she was inexorable. I was maddened. I vowed that I would produce the heir, and impoverish her; for I knew that she really had nothing of her own. And now, madame," lowering upon her as he concluded, "I am about to obtain my satisfaction, my revenge! For, Mark St. Sylvin, the missing heir, *is here!*"

He pointed to Yost, and his finger quivered with the vehemence of his speech.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed madame, and her voice was clearer than usual, "he is, eh? The heir?—ha! ha! ha! Preposterous! Ridiculous. Why, by your own story the heir must be two years younger than Cora. She is twenty-two, and this scapegrace, whoever he may be, is at least twenty five or six—I can see that even with my old eyes! No—no, Jaspar Gowan, you've made a miss of it. Absurd! Ha! ha! ha!"

"You are mistaken, madame," Yost hastened to say; "I am not quite twenty yet—"

He was interruped.

At one side of madame's chair there was a small bell, with which she was wont to summon a slave, when needed. She now rung this bell with a terrific force, and the sound pealed out over the whole house.

Instantly the slave, Nannie, came running.

"Nannie, Nannie, assist me to leave the room—haste!" and as the mulatto promptly aided her, the old lady went on rapidly: "You've made a miss of it, I say, Jaspar Gowan; you've played a treacherous card. *He* the heir of my son—when he is older than Cora! Ha! ha! ha! Preposterous! Nonsense!"

With every step the ferule of her stick thumped upon the carpet in emphasis to her words; and at the door she paused, shaking the cane at him.

"Not yet, Jaspar Gowan!—not yet! Nannie, send some one here to show these men to a room. I will tolerate them until to-morrow in hospitality. But they must leave then. Do you understand, sir?"—to Gowan, "you must leave my house to-morrow—you and your scapegrace *protege!* The heir?—*he* the heir? Ha! ha! ha!"

Tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, rattled the cane on the hall floor, and madame was gone.

Gowan had sat motionless and scowling during the outburst that accompanied her departure. Now he sprung from his chair.

"Confusion!" he hissed, between grinding teeth, and striding fretfully up and down the room.

"Rather a bad commencement this," remarked Yost, quietly, lolling back in his seat, and leisurely twisting the ends of his mustache.

"But she shall *see!*" gritted the lawyer, in a threatening accent. "I will show her that I have *not* made a miss of it. We will remain here until to-morrow, and then for a legal proceeding."

"I say, though, Gowan, it seems to me we've caught a Tartar."

"Then we will handle her with claws of steel!" was the quiet rejoinder.

"But this age business?"

"What of it?" pausing suddenly before the young man.

"She may make a deal of trouble on that point."

"What mean you? Have you not the witnessed affidavit of your mother, to prove the date of your birth?"

"Yes," with an uneasy movement.

"Then there'll be no difficulty whatever," resuming his striding.

"But you've done a very wrong thing," pursued Yost.

"And what's that?" snappishly.

"You have admitted to Madame St. Sylvin that the signature of Edgar, her son, to the will you hold, is a forgery by your own hand—"

"Puff! you can easily swear that you never heard me say any thing of the kind, and there was no one else near."

"I fear you are mistaken."

"Ha!"

"Look there." He pointed in the direction of the open side window.

Gowan quickly glanced as the other indicated, and beheld a brown face, among the thick vines, peering in at them.

It was Max. But the boy vanished as soon as he saw he was discovered.

The entrance of a negro checked the oath that rose to Gowan's lips.

"De gen'lemen please to come to deir room?" inquired the slave, respectfully.

"Yes," answered the young man. "Show us up. Come, Gowan."

They followed the African up-stairs, and were soon alone.

As they went, Gowan was muttering:

"You'll fight me, eh, Madame St. Sylvin? So do. You'll find Jaspar Gowan to be a man who never fails in an undertaking."

Yost lighted a cigar and began to smoke in silence.

The lawyer sat in an easy-chair, with his keen, snaky eyes bent on the floor. A confused jumble of uncertain, worrying thoughts chased through his brain; and under the circumstances he could not help recalling the words of the fortune-teller, uttered within the hour. Was there weight in the Gipsy's talk of failure?

The young man puffed at his fragrant Havana, and watched the other covertly.

And it is apparent, by the brief narration of Jaspar Gowan in the parlor, that Madame St. Sylvin, in sending Richard Wayn in search of the heir, had intended to mislead him, by a false assigning of names and acts relative to her son, her son's wives, and the children of the latter.

She held a secret regarding Myrtle, which made the young girl, in her opinion—sweet and good as she was—no fit mate for Wayn; and the reader will perceive, by her utterances in a former chapter, that she was fully resolved to separate the two, for reasons which she deemed highly politic.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WOMAN SCHEMER.

WHEN Myrtle retired to her room, she hastened to tear open the envelope with fingers that fairly trembled with impatience.

It was but a tiny sheet that she drew forth, and the lines, evidently written in haste, were few.

She read:

"MY DEAR MYRTLE:

"I have not been blind. I know that you love me, and I am happy. One day—very soon!—you shall hear of *my* affection. I am going away on business for your grandmother; my absence may be for two years. It shall not be for longer than that time. When I return, it will be to offer you my heart and home, and a worship that will last forever. Will you wait?—can you be true?

"RICHARD."

While she devoured the brief sentences, with sparkling eyes, her whole face glowed in blushes, her bosom rose and fell with quickened respiration; a supreme joy was centering in her soul, and her crimson lips parted and moved as if they were molding, without breath, the words that so thrilled her.

"'Can I be true!'" she repeated, kissing the lines again and again; "he shall see! I will wait—oh! so patiently; and day and night I will bless you, Richard Wayn, for this precious gift!" Then pressing her hands to her eyes, to calm the senses that were whirling in ecstasy, she murmured:

"Men do not dream how deep is woman's love!—nor can she tell the more than Heaven created in the kingdom of their affection. But I would *die* for Richard Wayn to serve him! 'Can I be true?'—yes, *till death!* Hark!"

The sound of hoofs pattering on the drive aroused her.

"It is he—he is going."

She ran to the window and looked out.

Wayn was slowly riding away, and she watched him with straining, yearning eyes.

As he drew further and further off it seemed to her as if a dark shadow was coming gradually between them. Her recent joy was being overwhelmed by a strange, oppressive feeling, and aching premonitions framed within her mind.

"Will he not look back?" she panted with a nervous breath. "Oh! for one glance—one more good-by!"

Just then, as if in answer to her prayer, he turned in his saddle.

Leaning over the sill, she waved her handkerchief, and tried to smile.

When he was lost to view, she sunk down to the floor and sobbed in a low, pained way.

Myrtleworth was always a lonely place to her; now it was full of a deeper gloom, an atmosphere that weighed heavily on her young heart.

"Oh, Richard Wayn!" she cried, in bitterness of spirit, "you never knew how much I loved you; and now you are going away. Will you ever come back?"

"*Never!*" The one word came like a whispered echo, in answer to that question; and it was so real, so voiceful, that she started and glanced about the room.

Cora was standing over her.

"Did you speak, Cora?" asked the girl, in surprise.

"I? Why, no! I just came in. What are you crying about, Myrtle?"

"Oh! Cora, Cora—"

She rose to her feet, and leaned in the arms of her sister.

"What is it, dear?"

"Richard Wayn!" burst from the lips of the weeping girl; and then she paused, for she suddenly recollected the warning she had received.

"There—don't cry"—disengaging herself. "I saw you lying on the floor, and came in to see what ailed you." And she added, moving toward the door: "Don't think too much of Richard Wayn, Myrtle; be assured, he cares nothing for you."

This speech cut Myrtle deeply; more, it startled her. She looked quickly up. But her sister was gone.

"Cora has penetrated my secret," she murmured, regretfully. "How foolish I was to betray myself! Ah! where can that note be?"

She missed the note, which had fluttered to the carpet when she sunk down near the window.

In vain she searched for it. It had disappeared.

Cora St. Sylvin was standing in the center of the room adjoining Myrtle's. In one hand she held a piece of paper, round which her fingers clinched rigidly.

After her escape from the bull, she entered the house—to stop short, near the parlor door; for the voice of Jaspar Gowan arrested her attention.

Again she played the eavesdropper; and she learned much that astonished her, while it set her to wondering.

The revelation contained in the lawyer's speech was new to her. And as she hurried on up stairs, to escape detection, she was thinking on what she had heard.

There was an absent look in her eyes, as she stood there, crunching in her hand the note she had stolen from Myrtle.

Her red lips compressed tightly, while she muttered, scarce audibly:

"It's all very strange; what can it mean? Then Myrtle is only my half-sister, and the child of a woman whom grandma hated. Yet grandma has always seemed to love her more than me—ay, she warned Myrtle against me; I heard her." Then, her thoughts involving the letter-sheet she held:

"And Richard Wayne is going in search of the heir, as the price of Myrtle's hand—to make us all poor; while one claiming to be the heir, and my brother, is down-stairs this minute. But grandma laughed at them; she says it is impossible—this is not the heir. So, if I succeed in winning Richard Wayn, it will deter him from his mission—thus saving us from the absolute poverty consequent upon the gratification of grandma's foolish whim. You write to Myrtle, eh?—you tell her to wait, and be true? She may have to wait a long, long time, then; for Richard Wayn shall *never* come back, if I can prevent it!"

She rung her bell.

The summons was answered by a young and muscular negro. The slave was a special property of hers, from her father—being devoted exclusively to serving her, and subject only to her orders.

"Close the door, Sego; I have something to say to you."

When he had obeyed, she continued:

"Sego, I wish to leave Myrtleworth to-morrow night. Can you get horses for us, think you?"

"I guess so, mistress," replied the negro.

"Then listen! I want to go secretly. Do you comprehend?—no one is to know of my departure."

"I see."

"If you can manage it, have two swift horses at the gate, at the end of the locust aisle, in time for us to reach the station at Manassas."

"Going in the cars, mistress?"

"Yes—to the north. There is a train passes about 10 P. M., I think. We must catch it."

"And the horses?" said Sego, inquiringly.

"We can leave them there with some one, can we not?—have them sent back to where they belong? Where will you get horses?"

"At the 'LION'—the tavern over here," jerking a thumb over his shoulder.

"Very well. Here is money. Do not fail me. We will each take only a carpet-sack, and buy clothes when we reach our destination. Meantime, be careful not to drop a hint of my intentions."

"I will be guarded, mistress. The horses shall be ready."

He pocketed the money which she handed him, and, at a gesture from her, withdrew.

"The annuity left me by my grandfather comes in very conveniently now!" she exclaimed, when alone. "I will soon be on your track, Richard Wayn; and we shall test the power of woman's charms!"

(*To be continued—Commenced in No. 170.*)

Old Hurricane:

OR,

THE DUMB SPY OF THE DES MOINES.

A ROMANCE OF THE BLACK-HAWK LANDS.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "HAWKEYE HARRY," "BOY SPY," "IRONSIDES, THE SCOUT," "DEATH-NOTCH, THE DESTROYER," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CANNON'S BOOM.

IT is useless to attempt a description of the rage and anger into which Reckless Ralph was thrown in consequence of his rough usage by Old Hurricane. For fully an hour he lay upon the floor in total darkness, writhing in his bonds for freedom and gasping for breath, for the old hunter had tied a heavy bandage over his mouth. But, when the outlaw got the use of his lungs, his vociferous yells soon brought assistance.

The door of the room had to be burst open, Hurricane having locked it after him and carried off the key, and as Cale Thoms went thundering into the room, he asked:

"Why, captain, what *does* this mean?"

"Mean?" roared Raft, in a fit of rage; "it means you are all a set of cursed louts to let an enemy sneak into the village under your very noses! Bring a light, one of you! That infernal Old Hurricane was concealed in this room when I entered, and he escaped with that woman!"

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Thoms.

"Yes, it's more than possible; it's a mystery how that giant ever got into this room."

"Here's a light; we'll soon see!" shouted Thoms.

One of the men had brought a lantern from the court-room, and as he entered the apartment where Raft was, a cry burst from every lip when they caught sight of the jewel-box in the corner.

"*There!*" hissed the outlaw-chief, throwing all the ferocious passion of his soul into the words; "there is the way in which he got into this room! An infernal, bright set of men those four that brought that box here with a big traitor in it. I swear I'd shoot them dead if they were here!"

"But how came he *in* the box, captain?" asked Thoms.

"How would *you* suppose?" retorted Raft.

"That's the question. You see he couldn't nail himself up in the box. No, he's had help, and then the question arises again, what was he nailed in the box for?"

"To rescue the girl, to be sure."

"Then some one must have told Hurricane where the box was to be deposited; he couldn't have guessed it so exact. So it stands to reason, Judge, that thar's a *traitor in camp!*"

"Then it is one of the Moles," said Raft, "and see here, boys, the escape of that woman is going to give us trouble, for she knows enough to send every one of us to the State's prison for life. She has been taken to that so-called Fort Defiance, and so we must make preparations to kill or capture every devil of them."

"That's the right talk, captain," shouted those around him.

After some further conversation, the crowd dispersed, and soon all became quiet once more in Spain.

The following morning Reckless Ralph summoned the Dumb Spy to his room and instructed him as follows:

"Seth, my daughter was released last night by that big hunter called Hurricane. I suppose they went to the claim-stakers' fort. I want you to go there to-day and find out all that will be of value to us."

The Dumb Spy acknowledged his willingness to do his master's bidding, and in a short time he was moving northward. However, he did not go far in the direction taken, but turned eastward and struck the river about a mile from Spain. Hard by on the river lay a large scow, or flat-boat that had been used as a ferry-boat, but which was being refitted now for another purpose. It was about thirty feet long, and made like a canoe, being sharp at stem and stern, while the sides were high and flaring.

Near this ungainly craft the Dumb Spy concealed himself, and in less than ten minutes after, a number of the outlaws, provided with axes and other tools, made their appearance and went to work on the boat. With heavy planks they proceeded to lay a stout deck on the scow.

The Dumb Spy watched the work with deep interest, for he well knew what it meant; at the same time revolving in his mind a plan by which he might defeat the outlaws in their vile work.

In less than two hours the deck was all completed, and the float presented quite a substantial appearance. In a few minutes more a pair of horses, hitched to a cart, came in view. They were driven by Reckless Ralph, and on the cart was mounted a small *brass howitzer!* This formidable implement of war was at once taken aboard the scow and placed near the center of the deck.

A second team, bringing a supply of ammunition and other things, soon made its appearance. Its contents were unloaded and conveyed aboard the craft, some of the ammunition being stowed away in the capacious hold. Among the principal articles, upon which the outlaws set great store, was a keg of rum.

Reckless Ralph superintended the outfitting of the gunboat, and by the time the sun stood on the meridian, he announced all in readiness for departure.

About twenty of the best men had been selected to man the boat, and, armed to the teeth, they went aboard. All seemed jubilant over some expected adventure and the keg of rum that had been left on deck.

The brass howitzer appeared to be quite a curiosity to most of the men. This was evidence that it had not been an article of public property in Spain. In fact, its being in the outlaw village was known to but few until that day, for it had found its way into the place years before, when this portion of the country was a Spanish possession, and had lain concealed in a cellar.

Reckless Ralph, having had some experience as an artillerist, spent most of the previous night cleaning up the old gun, and getting it in readiness for use. The supply of ammunition was ample, and the outlaw convinced himself that nothing but time stood between them and the total destruction of the claim-stakers.

By means of long poles or sweeps the robbers now pushed their battery out into the river, then turned and began their journey up the stream. Feeling fresh and vigorous, with an occasional "lift" from the rum keg, the men at the sweeps urged the great clumsy boat along at fair speed.

The Dumb Spy was soon on his way to Fort Defiance, after the departure of the boat. He had gained some information which he was desirous of imparting to the claim-stakers, soon as possible. In fact, their lives depended upon it, for they were in no way prepared to resist the power the outlaws of the Dispute were now about to bring against them.

He arrived at the fort in due time, and imparted his information. He remained in conference with his friends several hours, and when he finally took his departure, it was with a great and dangerous responsibility resting upon his shoulders.

After leaving the fort, he proceeded down the river and met the robbers on the boat.

He was at once taken aboard and questioned by Reckless Ralph.

"Is Old Hurricane at Fort Defiance?" he asked, in the silent language of the mute.

"Yes," the Dumb Spy replied.

"And my daughter, too?"

"Yes."

"Have the claim-stakers got wind of our movements?"

"No."

"How far is their fort from the river?"

"Just twenty steps."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Raft, turning to his men, "we are all right, boys. By daylight, to-morrow morning, we will be ready to sweep Fort Defiance across the plain. By that time Thoms will have the Indians—the land forces—over along the bluffs to cut off the retreat of the claim-stakers when driven from their fort by our cannon. Ha! ha! it will be a lively time, boys, but it won't take many rounds to knock that *pen* into a cocked hat."

The Dumb Spy was, fortunately, retained on board the boat, and was assigned a post of duty. This was to deal out to each man his rations of cooked food, that was stowed away in the hold, and also his mug of rum.

When darkness set in, the outlaws did not tie up their boat, but continued steadily on, and shortly after midnight the signal of their scout, who had been sent on ahead, announced their juxtaposition to Fort Defiance sufficient to bring their cannon to bear upon the little defense. So a halt was at once made, and the boat ran close in shore and tied up to await the coming of day.

"Boys," said Reckless Ralph, "it is three hours until daylight yet, and, as we may have a hard day's work before us, we had better try and get a few hours' sleep and rest. One or two can be detailed as guards, and be relieved every hour. What say you, men?"

"Ay! ay!" was the general response.

"Then, for fear of the malaria in the river atmosphere, I'll have Witless Seth to fill each a cup brimming full of rum."

This was another pleasant idea that met the general approval of the men, and so the captain ordered Seth to hand out the liquor.

When the "preventative" had been imbibed, a watch was detailed. It consisted of two men, one of whom was stationed on each end of the boat. The rest of the party now spread their blankets on the deck and laid down to sleep, the Dumb Spy being among them.

But in less than half an hour the latter raised to a sitting posture and gazed around him. The outlaws were all sound asleep. This he could tell by their heavy respirations.

The spy now arose to his feet, and, on tiptoe, moved to the north end of the boat, where he found the other guard leaning against the rum-keg, with the cup by his side; and he was sound asleep, too.

A smile of satisfaction passed over the face of the spy, as he turned and raised the rude "hatch" and gazed down into the hold. It was dark as pitch below, but, carefully sliding the hatch-door to one side, he turned, and taking something from his pocket, that emitted a dull, phosphorescent glow, laid it in the palm of his hand and held it above his head.

Five minutes later, a figure, muffled from head to foot in a great blanket, came from the woods on the west shore and paused upon the bank. The Dumb Spy pointed to the opening in the deck; then the strange figure came aboard the boat, crossed the deck like a shadow, and hastily descended into the dark hold of the boat.

This figure stowed away, Wild Dick turned, and again held up his hand, with that glowing signal in it.

Then another figure, muffled from head to foot, came from the dense shadows of the woods aboard the craft, and was stowed away in the dark hold.

Agaid the Dumb Spy gave his signal, and repeated it, until a dozen or more of those mysterious shadows had come from the woods and sought concealment in the hold.

And all this time the robbers slept on.

The Dumb Spy replaced the hatch as he had found it, and then laid down to watch and wait, but not to sleep.

Thus the night wore away and morning dawned; however, the sun was nearly an hour high when the first robber awoke.

Then Reckless Ralph was aroused, and, when he saw what time it was, he cursed the stupidity of himself and his men for sleeping like logs. But he, forthwith, endeavored to excuse himself on the grounds of having a dull, queer headache, but, when each of his men had filed a similar complaint, he saddled the blame onto the rum-keg, and, in a fit of rage, he tossed it overboard.

The attention of the crew was drawn to the work before them. They could see the little fort of the claim-stakers standing boldly out on the plain, its flag waving proudly and defiantly in the morning air. A little column of smoke was drifting up from the interior of the fort, and the colossal figure of Old Hurricane could be seen standing on the rampart, leaning on his long rifle and regarding them with indifferent curiosity.

"By heavens!" exclaimed Reckless Ralph, "how I would like to send a cannon-ball through that infernal, impudent old scoundrel!"

"Keep cool, captain, and we'll fetch him off thar pretty soon," said one of the men.

The fort was about four hundred yards away, and the outlaws had nothing to fear with this distance between them and the claim-stakers' rifles.

One of the party was sent ashore with a flag of truce, and orders to demand the unconditional surrender of the fort, with all the men, women and weapons.

Old Hurricane displayed his cap on the muzzle of his rifle as a counter-flag, and, when the robber had approached within hailing distance, the old hunter yelled out:

"What do you want here, Mister?"

"I have come to demand the immediate and unconditional surrender of your fort and all within it," replied the robber.

"You don't say!" retorted Old Hurricane; "suppose we don't see fit to chalk up?"

"We will open fire on you with a twelve-pound cannon at once."

"Then, trot back and open. What's a twelve-pound cannon? Why, my ole rifle weighs more'n that."

"All right, old ignorance," replied the outlaw, and, turning, he retraced his footsteps to the boat and delivered the old hunter's reply to their demand.

"Just so," exclaimed Reckless Ralph, turning to the cannon, which was already sighted upon the fort. "I would just as lief it would be that way as any, for we'll have the fun of demolishing the whole concern."

Old Hurricane had withdrawn from his exposed position on the rampart, much to the regret of Reckless Ralph, who now took the match from the hand of a comrade, and applied it to the touch-hole of the howitzer.

The next moment the sullen boom of the piece awoke the morning echoes for miles and miles.

(*To be continued—commenced in No. 165.*)

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BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Mr. Aiken's Last and Best!

We have anticipated, with much interest, the completion of a novel upon which MR. AIKEN has for some time been engaged. Its earlier chapters were so original in field, character and story, that we followed the work with no small anxiety to know just how the versatile author would maintain the story's somewhat remarkable personalty, and the ingenuity of its plot. All the MS. being now in hand we have to say that we regard it as, in many respects, the most thoroughly *American* novel we ever read; and so distinctive in its merits as a story is it that we think there is no hazard in saying it will be the most popular and the *best read* serial that has been given to the public in the past ten years!

Of this work the author writes thus:

"BROOKLYN, May 31st, 1873.

"MESSRS. BEADLE AND ADAMS:

"DEAR SIRS—With this I send you the last chapters of 'The Man from Texas.' Never before have I laid down the pen with more regret. It is like bidding adieu to a bevy of guests whom I can not realize are other than realities. Having spent the greater part of two years in Arkansas, I there not only studied and learned its queer, odd, strange and decidedly original phases of human nature, but I made many acquaintances who have stood as characters for me in this romance; and in recalling them have taken a delight which I can scarcely express. And the story—strange as it may seem—is even more than half true, as the reader will guess when he follows 'The Man from Texas' through his wild career.

"The Red-coated 'overseer'—Old 'Jedge' Yell—Ozark, the Arkansas Outlaw—Uncle Snow, King Congo, Jim Crow and Union Sam, the negro 'boys'—pretty Missouri, the Southern belle—Miss Adams, the Yankee Schoolma'am—'Tilda Ozark, the 'poor white'—all are drawn to the life; and I hope will give the reader a good idea of the kind of people and the way they live, on the South-west Border, where even to-day 'society' is but an odd mixture of odd elements. My 'Rackensack' community is almost a photograph.

"If to read my story gives half the pleasure which it has afforded me to write it, I certainly shall not be rated an unwelcome guest by the readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL. Yours, respectfully,

"ALBERT W. AIKEN."

On the contrary, we feel assured MR. AIKEN will greatly enhance his already admirable reputation by this intensely interesting and exciting story, which, in due course, will appear in these columns.

Our Arm-Chair.

Why Men Become Bald.—Dio Lewis tells the "Reason Why" of baldness of the scalp as follows:

"Men become bald! Why? Because they wear close hats and caps. Women are never bald. Sometimes, from long-continued headache, heat in the scalp, bad hair-dressing and some other causes, women may have bare spots here and there; but with all these causes combined, you never see a woman with a bare, shiny bald head. And you never see a man lose a hair below where the hat touches his skull. It will take it off as clean as you can shave it down to exactly that line, but never a hair below, not if he has been bald fifty years. The common black stiff hat, as impervious as sheet-iron, retains the heat and perspiration. The little hair glands, which bears the same relation to the hair that the seed wheat does to the plant above ground, become weak from the presence of the moisture and heat, and finally become too weak to sustain the hair. It falls out and baldness exists. A fur cap I have known to produce complete baldness in a single winter."

A poor investment, then, is a fur cap, and stove-pipe hats are worse than your worst enemy, for they take your hair but leave your scalp. We are sure that no folly of female dress can exceed that of the stiff, hard, uncomfortable hat which the men so persistently wear and regard as the only *genteel* thing for the head. It may be "genteel," but it is also a sore affliction to head, brains and hair.

Chat.—In our WOMAN'S WORLD department, this week, a very interesting matter is treated. The information given is suggestive. When we are told that our female "shop girls"—clerks and saleswomen—earn the bountiful salary of six dollars per week, out of which they are expected not only to support themselves but to dress with considerable elegance, we have a painful *inside view* of woman's work and wages, and Emily Verdery's suggestions regarding lace-working as an escape from the gulf of misery which our young women are trying to bridge over by "clerking," are worthy of consideration. *Any* calling which gives to women comparative personal independence is desirable. Work that can be done *at home*, where woman's modesty and poverty are not made a mockery of, and where she can find repose when she is tired and rest when she is ill—that kind of employ should be hers, and that man or woman is the true philanthropist who creates an industry that can be pursued at one's own fireside. Lace-weaving is such an industry, and we can wish that the day is not distant when it will be introduced among us both as an art and a calling. With all the efforts for woman's amelioration, how little has she been *practically* benefited! The field of her labors has been widened greatly, within a few years, but is she happier, healthier, or any further removed from dependence and want? Alas, no! After all the hubbub of talk and experiment, *the real working-woman is to-day struggling with "the wolf" as she never struggled before;* her situation is deplorable. The suggestion, therefore, of a new and pleasant industry, which can become a HOME art, is both opportune and beneficent. If any one of our numerous men of immense wealth would do *some* good with his gatherings of gold, let him pioneer the enterprise of establishing lace-making in America.

—A friend sends us the following item now "going the rounds:" "Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York *Tribune*, gets a salary of $10,000 a year. Jennings has $10,000 on the *Times;* Croly had $5,000 on the *World;* Hudson had $20,000 on the *Herald*, and was retired on a pension of $10,000," asking, "Can it be true?" And why not, pray? Is a first-class editor worth less than a first-class preacher, or a first-class lawyer, or a first-class railroad man? We should say they are worth *more*, being a scarcer commodity. Henry Ward Beecher has $17,000 per year; Dr. Chapin $12,000; Dr. This and Dr. That $10,000. Our first lawyers have incomes reaching up into the figures higher still. Many railway "managers" get $15,000 per year. Vanderbilt pays his general freight agent $12,000 per year, and he is well worth it. Yet, as soon as you come to literary work, requiring the very highest grade of talent, tact and exhaustive industry, a certain class of persons are surprised at the sums named as the worth of the editors. A shrewd observer has said that there are but three, or possibly four, real first-class editors, or newspaper conductors in the country—one in Louisville, one in Chicago, one in Cincinnati, and possibly one in New York. This may seem absurd, but it is a pretty close guess. Of the available, enterprising, sagacious and effective second-rate men there are many, and these are easily worth their $10,000 a year. The three extraordinary men are not to be had for five times that figure. Journalism, as a profession, has so long been a kind of hospital for broken-down lawyers, doctors, preachers and academicians, that the average pay of the editor has been very small; but all this is changing; journalism is commanding a higher, nobler order of talent, year by year; and now that it "pays" to accept the office of responsible editor, the best talent is not shunning the newspaper office, as it hitherto has done. In another twenty years' time this country will have the ablest newspapers in the world—that is our guess.

HOME MANNERS.

"BOYS will be boys" is an old axiom, but it will not take a great deal to make gentlemen of them, if we go the *right* way to work about it. Sometimes their manners need a great deal of correcting. Some boys seem to imagine that it is incumbent on them to be polite only when company is present; when that is gone they put it all away just as you have seen some people do with their best cups and saucers.

Do you think, boys, that it is good manners to come to the breakfast-table with unwashed hands and uncombed hair? to bite off pieces of bread and then return the remainder to the bread-plate? to sit in the house with hats on, like tavern loafers, or to walk about with hands in your pockets? If you wouldn't do any or all these things in company, why should you do so at home among your own kith and kin? Is company better than those who form the circle of which you are members?

A boy who is gentlemanly wins for himself more respect, and gains for himself more friends, than one who acts like a boor. If we lived in a country of savages, there might be some excuse for this boorishness, but as we live in a land where good manners can be cultivated far easier that the land itself, there can be no excuse at all for ill-breeding.

Does it cost you any more to be polite and gentlemanly than to be rude and ungentlemanly? Do you have to make any sacrifices to follow the accepted laws of etiquette?—the etiquette in such simple things as are here pointed out to you? When combs and brushes are so cheap, is there any need for you to go with uncombed hair? Are nails so expensive that you must throw your hats on the floor, instead of hanging them up? Are you so afraid of that head-gear's being lost that you must wear it in the house? And are your hands so ungainly or so uncleanly that you must hide them in your pockets?

The manners of the boy go toward forming the character of the man. If boys act in a gentlemanly way at home, there will be no danger of their falling into blunders abroad, and they will thus save themselves from much merited ridicule and laughter.

If you will cultivate good manners and gentlemanly deportment while young, it will not be so hard to carry both into practice when you grow older and mix with others. If you are endeavoring to secure a situation, your employer will be as likely to require you to be polite and gentlemanly as he will to be honest and trustworthy. If you knew how much polite traits are admired, you would cultivate them, and if you knew how much your ill-manners are disliked, you would at once discard them.

F. S. F.

Foolscap Papers.

My Garden this Year.

I do not think there is any thing more exhilarating or agreeable in this world than for other people to spade in the garden.

It not only gives you a good appetite for dinner, but it awakens in almost any man's bosom an ardent desire for something loftier and not quite so laborious.

I had been waiting for some time, like Mike Auber, for my garden ground to turn up, but was compelled, at last, to take my spade in hand to inform the soil that it *must* turn up or I'd make it.

I never held a good hand of spades, and don't consider that I am the jack of spades either.

I began work, and I rather liked it. I didn't think I was possessed of so much energy: for ten mortal minutes I worked without sitting down to rest; then I sat down to rest. I never knew before how sweet rest was.

I began to spade again, but I must confess that all the enthusiasm was shoveled off sadly. The sun tried to warm me up to my work, but, though I got dreadfully warm, I didn't warm to my work.

It soon began to be nice to lean on the spade and meditate. It brought back old recollections; it reminded me of the times when I didn't have to spade in the garden, and my old affectionate arm-chair seemed reaching out its imploring arms to me.

The charms of spading in the garden went into the ground faster than the spade did, and I began to have glorious visions of the better things to which I was born, so I resigned my spade to a cheap Emeralder, and I do not think I ever enjoyed spading so much in my life as I did his.

It was so refreshing! I never saw any thing half so soothing, and I went to sleep sitting there in the shade superintending him, and he couldn't wake me up; had to send for my wife; *she* waked me up! (She always uses my ears for waking handles, and *then* it always does me good to wake up.)

She wanted me then to set in and make the beds. I told her I would much rather she would have the chambermaid make them; but I thought it would be much more *pacific* if I worked at the beds; so I went to work with the spade again, and made the walks as she directed, and like to have died. Stooping down and shoveling out the walks is hardly my idea of earthly delight; the beauties of such pursuits fades from sight as soon as a new umbrella. I was bent double when the walks were finished, and had to throw myself backward over the fence to straighten myself out, and I didn't have half enough room on my hands for all the blisters.

Then, for pastime, I raked the beds all over nicely. All you have to do is to pull and push the rake—a very coarse comb on the end of a pole—back and forth over the beds until you get tired. It isn't half such hard work as carrying a hod full of bricks up a four-story ladder. But the finest part of raking in the garden to me is stopping to rest.

Then I put the little onions in their little beds. There is a destiny which shapes the ends of little onions as well as any thing else, so you have to be careful to put them in the ground right side up with care, or they will grow up crooked, and a crooked onion is a dangerous vegetable (for at breakfast, say, the seventh onion is crooked and you are in a hurry, thinking somebody else will get the last one on the dish, and you think you are aiming for your mouth when it is very likely to run into your eye—you know what onions in your eyes are!)

Then I put in the early radishes, a handful in each spot, because I wanted to economize ground. I guess people never thought of this plan before unless they have read the *Rural New Yorker* regularly.

Then I sowed the beets (I wanted my wife to sow them with a needle); and I put the early corn in—soaked in molasses to make sweet corn out of it—and the cabbage plants (I wanted to put a bread and milk poultice on them to bring them to a head); and then I set out the tomato plants and the gimson weeds, and the burdocks, and the imported Canada thistles, and every thing else; *then* the garden was done, and I sat down to wait until every thing came up.

My neighbor's chickens came on, hunting for the proverbial early worm, and they saw that my garden wasn't made exactly to suit their notions, so they set to work to alter it, and made those beds over again after their own style; and then there were some mysterious disappearances which somewhat puzzled my neighbor, although we had fowl for dinner every day!

But he had his revenge, for every night his dogs would come over to promenade on those beds and to tramp the young vegetables deeper into the ground, that they might grow firmer; and his cows broke in to see if the dogs had done any damage, and after that his pigs got in to root up the corn and see how the cabbages were coming along; and, to tell the honest truth, the only thing so far which I have got out of that garden is the regret that I ever went into it. I might add that all the weeds are getting along finely, as they were not disturbed; they never are.

I shall not attend market with any vegetables this year. WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

☞ **Take Notice!**—Captain Mayne Reid's new story, **THE SPECTER BARQUE,** a Tale of the Pacific, commences *this week*. Having been *written expressly* for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, it will appear in serial form in America only! The thousands of admirers of this King of Romancers will see the necessity of *at once* giving a *definite order to their newsdealer to save them a copy of the* SATURDAY JOURNAL *regularly*, if they would not be disappointed by being unable to secure the papers containing this splendid serial. All who have read, (and everybody has) a romance by this celebrated author, will not want to miss this his last thrilling sea story.

Woman's World.

Lace-Weaving as a National Industry.—What a Lace-Weaver Can Earn.—It is not Unhealthy Work.—Barbara Uttmann.—Who Will Invest Capital?

IN a late number of a prominent fashion journal, I notice an article on lace and lace-making, in which the writer, in *rather* strong language, deprecates the continuance of lace-making as one of the industries of the world, on the ground that the manufacture of the thread used in lace-weaving is *injurious to the health of the spinner*. As well might we advocate the abolishment of the use of scissors and needles, because scissors and needle-grinding are unhealthy occupations. Nay, worse, they are actually murderous.

Lace may not be so necessary as clothing, but to destroy that industry would be to impoverish to destitution some *hundreds of thousands* of human beings. Besides, we should consider, first, that the inventions of modern science will doubtless contribute, if they have not already contributed, to the amelioration of the condition of the lace thread spinner, as it eventually does to that of all producers and manufacturers.

An author of high reputation, from whom I quote, says: "The thread used in Brussels lace is of such extraordinary fineness as almost to escape the sight. The finest quality is spun in dark underground rooms, for contact with the dry air causes the thread to break. A background of dark paper is placed so as to throw out the thread, and the room so arranged as to admit one single ray of light upon the work. *The life of a Flemish thread-spinner is unhealthy, and her work requires the greatest skill; her wages are therefore proportionately high.*" This last clause contains a world of argument, in the way of remedy for the evil. If her "wages are proportionately high," of course it is not necessary for her labor to be *unremitting*, she can rest part of the day, week, month, or year, and thus give herself the necessary relaxation and restoration of her overtaxed powers.

The same lace-weaver and expert, who was a witness in the Fraloff lace case, mentioned some weeks ago in the WOMAN'S WORLD, gives her individual experience to me in these words: "I was always fond of my occupation and art. I was taught by my mother, at an early age, the finest stitches, and for twenty-five years I pursued the study with the ardor of an enthusiast. After I was grown I began to work for myself. I was not content to know only the stitches and meshes of my native town of Honiton, in Devonshire. I earned at that time a sovereign a week, and out of that amount I would save enough to enable me to travel to the next lace-making town. There I would go, and working as a weaver, by close application, secluding myself from all company, and living with the greatest economy, I would soon make enough money while learning the stitches to go to another town. In that way I traveled all the lace-making shires in England, perfecting myself in all the modern English 'points.' The work is *not unhealthy in itself*, and it is more remunerative than many other industries. The art is always taught in schools, beginning with very young children. I have been in hundreds of these schools, although I did not learn my art in them myself. When I first traversed England, there were many evils and actual cruelties connected with the lace schools, but not now, nor indeed before I left my native country. The workers were, in old times, crowded together in small, close rooms, but times are changed; sanitary laws and the love of fresh air have done a great deal to ameliorate their condition. The pillows are raised higher, so that they do not stoop to their work; and the hours of labor for small children are shortened. When I was last in England I visited some of the lace schools of my native Devonshire, and though some improvements might be made, for instance if the infant school system of allowing the pupils to march, and stretch their limbs, and sing at the expiration of every hour, was introduced, I think the children would be happier as well as healthier; yet I assure you, madame, they looked as ruddy as the apples in the neighboring orchards. The children looked well. The adult workers and those in advanced life were not so ruddy and robust as milkmaids, but they looked healthier than the female operatives in our cotton mills, and various manufactories in our northern shire-towns."

This intelligent lace-weaver is of the opinion that lace-schools could be established in this country, which, while they would be remunerative to both the employer and teacher, and her pupils and employees, would introduce an industry giving employment to thousands, while the product of their labors would materially lessen the cost of imported laces, and increase our own revenues. In a word, she thinks this country could *now* compete with Europe in the production of certain hand-made laces. In her own establishment she could at present find work for several skilled weavers, at from $12 to $15 a week, and children (she says) could begin to earn *something* before the expiration of a year. In six months, perhaps from $2 to $2.50 per week, and their work would not be as unremitting, the hours being shorter than those of "cash" boys and girls, who earn, I believe, about that sum per week, when they begin their apprenticeship in business.

If a lace-weaver can earn a sovereign, or about five dollars a week in England, she could earn double that amount here, lace bringing more than double the money here it does in Europe. It is a well-known fact that our shop girls *do not average six dollars a week for their wages.* They are never able to support themselves comfortably on their salaries, and provide, at the same time, for seasons of non-employ, or for sickness. In our first-class dry goods and millinery stores, when a girl applies for a situation, inquiries are immediately made as to her means of support *outside of her employment!* If she admits that she is *entirely dependent* on her *salary*, it is impossible for her to obtain the place! She *must* have a home, a mother, father, brother, aunt, or some near relative that she can give assurance will aid in her support. If she is a stranger, no matter what her letters or her references may be from other cities or sections, if she has no home but a boarding or lodging-house, she *can not get the place.* She must go to some second, or third, or fourth-rate establishment. This seems hard, but it is necessary for the preservation of a certain *moral standard* in the *first-class* houses. Granted that the standard is based on falsehood. It is the kind of falsehood that vice uses or is obliged to use in compliment to virtue.

Would not the lace-weaver who could earn ten—nay even six dollars a week—have *an advantage* over the shop girl? Could she not take a very cheap room, purchase her own food, from cheap restaurants, bakeries and shops—go to work in seclusion, and by strict economy and great industry and application, eventually accomplish more than the shop girl who *must be well dressed* and in *presentable trim* every day? Could she not, on certain days, after having made her laces, don her best and go out and find sale for her work? Better still: Suppose we had lace schools and manufactories established, could she not at once obtain work which would not be subject to the *variable conditions* of the shop girl's employment, who is nearly always thrown out of business in the dull season?

My friend, the Honiton lace-weaver, says that expert and intelligent workers could frequently make *over* fifteen dollars a week, and could average twelve, the year round.

When we, as a people, have learned *the economies of living and dressing as Europeans do*, twelve dollars a week will be found a very handsome sum for a girl to earn; but not sufficient to support her, of course, if she dresses in silk and lace, and wears jewels and false hair, as most of the shop-girls and *salesladies* do, in our "first-class" establishments.

A few evenings ago, a friend called to take me, *in her carriage*, to the Opera. We stopped on our way for another friend, who was to accompany us. It was a wet night; the rain fell fast. As the carriage door flew open, half a dozen little girls, between the ages of ten and twelve, rushed up to it, and with outstretched palms, *begged* for pennies. That was not all. The words they used intimated to us, in a manner not to be mistaken, that they supposed gentlemen were in the carriage, and they expected to amuse them with street ribaldry. Poor little outcasts! How bold, reckless, and full of rollicking life they seemed! A home and employment might save some of them from treading the downward path. It is impossible, of course, to save *all*. But surely, by increasing *the variety of industries* in our great city, we might save many who now go the ways of idleness and dissipation.

In the old church-yard of Annaberg, at the foot of the Hartz Mountains, in Germany, under the overarching boughs of the old lime-trees, is seen a beautiful monument with bas reliefs on its four sides. On the tomb is inscribed: "Here lies Barbara Uttmann, died 14th January, 1575, whose inventions in lace in the year 1561, made her the benefactress of the Hartz Mountains."

"An active mind, a skillful hand,
Bring blessings down on Fatherland."

When we ask the Annabergers for the story of Barbara Uttmann, we are told that she was the daughter of a Nuremberg burgher named Etterlein, who removed to the Saxon Hartz Mountains in 1520 for the purpose of working some mines. Barbara at an early age learned to make lace, from a native of Brabant, a Protestant who had fled to the Hartz Mountains from the persecutions of the cruel Duke of Alva. Barbara had noticed the mountain girls making nets for the vintners to wear over their hair.

She took an interest in the work, and began by opening a school for the mountain girls, in which she taught them to make tricot and a plain lace ground. Subsequently she married Christopher Uttman, of Annaberg. In 1561, having procured aid from Flanders, she set up, in her own name of Barbara Uttmann, a workshop at Annaberg; and there began the manufacture of laces of various patterns, teaching her workers, and making them teach others. In other words, Barbara Uttmann *borrowed capital, and made an investment in a lace school and manufactory, which proved remunerative.* This branch of industry spread from her workshop, from the Bavarian frontier to Altenberg and Geissen, *giving employment to thirty thousand persons, and producing a yearly revenue of a million of thalers.*

We now produce carpets in Massachusetts that rival the productions of Axminster and Brussels, and the capitalist and operative are both remunerated. Why may we not produce laces rivaling the famous webs of Venice, Mechlin, Alencon and Honiton? Can we not, in the course of the next half-century, give employment to as many lace-weavers as the Eastern factories give to carpet-weavers? Could idle capital be better invested? She who inaugurates this industry in America may win as enduring fame as Barbara Uttmann. What woman of capital, combined with industry, philanthrophy and enterprise, will take the first step?

EMILY VERDERY.

☞ **Take Notice!**—Captain Mayne Reid's new story, **THE SPECTER BARQUE,** a Tale of the Pacific, commences *this week*. Having been *written expressly* for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, it will appear in serial form in America only! The thousands of admirers of this King of Romancers will see the necessity of *at once* giving a *definite order to their newsdealer to save them a copy of the* SATURDAY JOURNAL *regularly*, if they would not be disappointed by being unable to secure the papers containing this splendid serial.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We can make no use of the following, and return such as inclosed stamps for return, viz.: "My Uncle's Will;" "Hanged by the Neck;" "Love Picturing;" "The Six Chiefs;" "Ben Dowd's Best Shot;" "The Picture by the Flame;" "A Heart of Wood;" "The Two Thieves;" "A Robust Invalid;" "Mrs. McGuire's Worst Foe;" "The Tea-Party's Surprise;" "Mrs. Blake, the Manager;" "A Queer Set;" "Rose Cameron's Marriage;" "A Reigning Belle;" "The Saratoga Trunk;" "Off for the Hills;" "Smacking at Sea."

The following contributions we place on the accepted list, viz: "Miss Kizzy's Boarder;" "Lottie Lane's Experience;" "A School Day;" "The Three Graces;" "When and Where;" "Lone Jack;" "Boys."

ZELLA. We do not act as "patron" for young writers. They must "paddle their own canoe."

EZRA S. *Many* clerks, in New York, get but twelve to fifteen dollars per week salary.

J. S. Have answered the same question at least a dozen times.

LUCY S. You are quite right. It is no disgrace to try again. How else can you ever succeed?

PETER SNYPIL. It is *not* polite to insist upon a lady's staying at a party or ball when she expresses a wish to retire. It is very impolite and rude.

D. E. J. "The Boy Spy" never was published as a serial.—Mrs. Henry Wood wrote "East Lynne."—Two dollars will answer for two-thirds of a year's subscription.

F. C. The mere *mounting* of a revolver does not determine its value any more than a horse's harness determines the value of the horse. If a revolver bursts any of its chambers, in the act of firing, it would be very apt to injure the hand.

O. W. B. A mechanic is one who is a master of some trade, no matter how he learned it. The word artisan is sometimes used as a synonym of the word mechanic, but really is not so. Consult the dictionary.

HAWKEYE HARRY. Mr. Whittaker wrote "Double-Death."—Oll Coomes is the author's true name. His address is through the SATURDAY JOURNAL, for which he writes exclusively. He has *not* written a line for any other paper since his engagement with us, and all statements to the contrary are dodges to catch readers.—"Hawkeye Harry" was published as a serial in these columns, and is *not* published as a novel, in a volume.—Albert W. Aiken is the author's correct name.—All MSS. are safer in express than in the mails. One is responsible, the other is wholly *irresponsible*.

J. D. DAVIDSON. We do not preserve returned letters. You sent no stamp for MS. return, as we wrote you in the "not-called for" letter.

ERNEST M. King William IV., of England, died in June, 1837. He was succeeded by the present queen, who was crowned June 30th of that year. She was not his daughter, but the daughter of Edward, Duke of Kent, *fourth* son of George III. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, was a sister of Leopold, King of Belgium.

GEORGY R. The leopard is distinguished by the smallness of the spots on its skin, the tiger is marked with great bands, and the panther with large spots. This latter animal, in the chase of prey, spares neither man nor beast. It is a native of Africa, and of several parts of India, China and Arabia. The American cougar, its prototype on this continent, is found in the wildest part of the wild West, but is very rare, even there, where it is known as "The Hunter's Dread."

CLARISSA F. We dislike much to advise in matters so personal. If your tempers, merely, are "incompatible," pray correct your tempers by an exercise of common sense. If your husband is absolutely hateful to you, and will not be reconciled, take advice of some good, discreet male friend. Divorce is not an easy matter you will find, and a very expensive process of relief, for lawyers are literally pitiless toward such clients.

N. G. If "her old dad hates you worse than the devil," it is a clear case of mental obliquity—providing you are in no way related to the devil. But, these old fellows are mighty sharp in seeing things as they are; so, just overhaul your log-book and see if you *have* a good record. If you *are* a proper young fellow, and the daughter loves you, and the old man is obstinate as a mule—why, "wait a little longer." An *honest* love can be patient and forgiving, and patience and forgiveness will conquer even a mule.

YOUNG STUDENT. The coming transit of the planet Venus *is* a most important event. These transits occur only at intervals of one hundred and five and one-half, and one hundred and twenty-one and one-half years. The last transit having occurred on the 3d of June, 1769, the next after an interval of one hundred and five and one half years, will greet the eyes of expectant astronomers on the 4th of December, 1874. Accurate observations of this phenomenon will furnish data of the first importance to astronomical science, by which the distances from the sun of the earth and other planets, and their respective magnitudes may be precisely calculated.

LINGUIST. It is estimated that the English language is spoken by about 90,000,000 persons; the German by 55,000,000; the Spanish by as many; and the French by 45,000,000.

PHOTOGRAPHER. A solution of isinglass or gum arabic, spread over a photograph with a soft camel's hair-brush, is sometimes used to give a gloss, and to preserve the impression from the influences of air and light.

URBAN DE M. We will not comment on the climate of the Argentine Republic, but state a few facts. A bowl of water left uncovered over night vanishes by morning; ink dries as if by magic, and the bodies of dead animals dry up instead of decomposing, and neither exercise or exposure to the sun's rays will cause perspiration.

MOTHER. You are correct in your idea: attention to your children will save them much trouble in after years, and regarding your question, we will say that the foundation for sound, white teeth must be laid in childhood, when subsisting upon such food as the teeth must have, will insure them from early decay and malformation.

ENGINEER. You can obviate the difficulty. In fastening India rubber to wood and metal, you can make the following cement: soak pulverized gum shellac in ten times its weight of strong ammonia, and in three or four weeks it will become liquid without the use of hot water.

DANIEL DUFFIELD. The following are the General Officers of the United States Army, and the Head-quarters of the same: General W. T. Sherman, Washington; Lieut.-General P. H. Sheridan, St. Louis, Mo.; Major-General W. S. Hancock, St. Paul, Minn.; Major-General John M. Schofield, San Francisco, Cal.; Brigadier General Irwin McDowell, New York City; Brigadier-General P. St. George Cooke, Detroit, Mich.; Brigadier-General John Pope, Fort Leavenworth; Brigadier-General Oliver O. Howard, Washington, D. C.; Brigadier-General Alfred H. Terry, Atlanta, Ga.; Brigadier-General E. O. C. Ord, San Francisco, Cal.; Brigadier-General Christopher C. Auger, Omaha, Neb.

HELEN B. In the United States there are eighty-two hundred post-offices—five hundred of which are kept by women.

CATHERINE MCCORMACK. The superstition, that "spilling salt is unlucky," originated with the picture of "The Last Supper," by Leonarda de Vinci, in which Judas Iscariot is represented as overturning the salt.

HORACE MCKAY. We do not think you will succeed. A law has just been declared by the Japanese Government preventing any land-holder in the Empire to sell or mortgage real estate to a foreigner under pain of death. The object of this law is probably to keep outsiders from gaining a foothold on Japanese ground.

FRED CAMPBELL. The medical knowledge of the Chinese can hardly be dignified by the name of science, as they receive no especial training or diploma, entitling them to practice as physicians. A Chinese doctor much resembles a vender of patent medicines in our own country, selling them through the streets and at the different houses. A Chinese who sells plasters, after they have been used, and cured the patient, has them returned to him, as testimonials of his skill, and sometimes they are posted on his doorway or counter of his little shop.

SCHOOLGIRL. Tight braiding will cut the hair; but braided firmly and not *too* tight, will hold it in place, prevent it from breaking, and also assist in making the hair grow long.

D. O. C. Emery can be made to adhere to wood by melting together equal parts of shellac, white resin, and carbolic acid; add the last after the others are melted, and the effect will be astonishing.

HERBERT WILLIAMS. If you are of an industrious turn of mind, you can plant lettuce, radishes, onions, mint, parsley, etc., etc., in a small bed, and cultivate all you can possibly use at home, without incurring other expense than purchasing the seeds, and a small trowel to dig with.

DAVID DUDLEY. To decide for "deal," in playing eucher, Hoyle says: "In cutting, the ace is lowest, the other cards ranking as in whist, and the lowest cut deals." Many play the game, however, counting the highest cut card for the deal, and if specified before you commence, there need be no chance for disputes.

DORA. Your friend was doubtless waiting to be recognized. Perhaps you are not aware that a lady should always make the advance. It would be presumption on a gentleman's part to seek the acquaintance of a young lady until he knows that his acquaintance is acceptable to her.

☞ *Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.*

THE SEA.

BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Oh, the broad blue sea is the home of the free,
The realm of the true and brave!
Where we fearless ride on the foaming tide
Or dash o'er the sounding wave,
Where we give our sail to the howling gale
And dare the storm-king's wrath,
When he sweeps in might, from his cloud-capped hight,
With destruction in his path,
And the gathering blast bows the stalwart mast
Till it bends like a feeble staff.

Or beneath the shroud of some gathering cloud
How boundeth his soul with joy!
From the deck he springs as loudly rings
The cry of—"All hands, ahoy!"
For the seaman's life is one of strife,
And he loveth the daring fight,
And his dearest dower is the noble power
He sways o'er the ocean's might,
And no fear on him falls, or storm appalls,
Though darkly may lower the night.

Yet, dearer to him are the visions dim
Of loved ones far away,
As he glances back o'er the glimmering track
Beyond the foaming spray.
But he lightens his eye at the wished-for cry
Of "Land on our weather bow!"
And he worships the air which parts the hair
From off his sunburnt brow,
For it breathes of *his* Home by sea's white foam,
And he views *his* haven now!

"Wanted, Lodgings."

BY LETTIE ARTLEY IRONS.

"I SAY, Phil?"

"Say on, old fellow."

"I'm not going to stand it another day! It is too much for the spirit of mortal man to endure, and I have no notion of filling a martyr's grave at present."

And Hal Anderson threw the hair-brush he held into a distant corner of the room, pitched a slipper after it, and sat down in a chair containing a clean shirt and a bottle of hair oil, with a very decided nod.

Philip Waldron took his feet from the chair-back where they had been reposing, laid down his newspaper, and surveyed his excited friend with a smile.

"What do you propose doing about it?" he asked.

"Do? I'll hunt up another boarding-place, straightway! It was bad enough at first, but it's worse now. There is a handful of strange hair in that brush, there was nearly enough for a switch in the butter this morning, and no end of foreign substance in the pie; and I found a cockroach in my biscuit at breakfast, and—"

"See here, Hal, isn't that rather drawing on your imagination?" asked Phil, doubtfully.

"Imagination!" burst forth Hal, indignantly. "It is the solemn truth; and it was only yesterday that I found the melancholy remains of a defunct mouse in the pudding! Imagination—humph!"

"I know it is bad," said Philip, with a sigh, "but hunting lodgings is worse."

"Just look at this room," went on Hal, looking around on the disorder; "it is confusion worse confounded. I don't know but I shall be driven to matrimony yet. By the way, Phil, it's a pity for *you* to waste your *family talents in this way. Get up your courage, make some woman happy,* and I'll be a permanent boarder. Hand me that *Herald*, please."

And Hal plunged into the advertisements with his usual gusto, leaving Phil Waldron to follow up the train of thought his careless words had lighted.

Matrimony—he *had* contemplated it once, and he sat now with both hands clasped above his head, thinking remorsefully how he had allowed a trifle to part him and Rue Forrester forever. They were both young and impulsive, and Rue—pretty, blue-eyed, brown-haired Rue—was thoughtless and proud. He had met her pride with his own, and so they had drifted apart. Well, that was four years ago, and Rue was probably married, and he—

A shout from Hal interrupted his reverie.

"Here, I have it, Phil! 'Pleasant room, small family,' and so forth. I've a presentiment that this is the place we're after. But if this fails, there are seven others, one of which, at least, must suit us."

"Don't be too sanguine, Hal," said Phil, coming out of his abstraction with a sigh. "You've hunted a boarding-place often enough to know better than to put your faith in advertisements, I hope. There is trouble ahead."

"Don't croak, old fellow," replied Hal, sententiously. "Just prepare yourself to move tomorrow. I'm off!"

And, armed with the *Herald*, he marched off, nothing daunted, to begin his search, while Phil Waldron put on his hat and went down to the office, where he sat all day among perplexing papers, and bothersome ledgers, thinking absently of those far-away summer days when he had gone strawberrying with Rue Forrester, in the green meadow of the Forrester farm, and how differently life had looked to him then.

He had been but a few minutes in their mutual room, that night, when Hal Anderson came in, looking several degrees less enthusiastic than when he started.

"Have you found a place? Was the 'small family, pleasant room,' etc., all the heart of man could desire?" asked Phil, as Hal threw himself into a chair.

The latter made a decided grimace.

"Faugh!" he ejaculated, in disgust. "The pleasant room was six feet by ten, and the small family consisted of the man of the house, his old maid sister, and three black cats!"

"And the other seven?" queried Phil.

"All utterly impossible but one, and that was all right as to situation, but there were four girls there, and they all giggled! Of course I made myself scarce at once." And Hal looked devoutly thankful for his narrow escape!

"That was impossible too, then," said Phil, dejectedly; "giggling girls are my detestation. Are you discouraged?"

"Phil, old fellow," said Hal, solemnly, "if any thought of surrender or retreat ever enters my mind, the remembrance of that pudding effectually puts it to rout!"

It was twelve o'clock on the following day when he returned from his search, tired and unsuccessful.

"I'm completely fagged out," he said, dropping into a chair. "I've dragged up and down the streets all the morning, and lost my temper beyond recovery. I don't believe there is a decent boarding-place in Gotham."

"'Colors seen by candle-light, etc.,'" said Phil, "only in this case substitute the light of advertisements for candles. I'll go myself this afternoon."

"Success to you," said Hal, fervently.

"And confusion to all slatternly landladies!" added Phil, emphatically.

He put on his hat, stuffed a *Sun* into his pocket, and with the morning's *Herald* in his hand, started on his mission.

The first four places were entirely out of the question; the fifth was a seven-by-ten feet room, commanding a view of a very dirty yard; the sixth was quite impracticable, and the seventh was presided over by a very fat woman, in a very greasy dress, at sight of which Phil retreated without further ado.

It was almost six o'clock when he ascended the steps of the house designated in advertisement number eight, and rung the bell. It was answered by an ancient female, with corkscrew curls, who politely showed our hero the premises, but who smiled and shook her curls at him in such a harrowing way that notwithstanding the room was perfection, he fled in consternation.

"Perhaps I was foolish to let that chance slip," he thought, a little ruefully, as he went down the steps. "But I'm sure I never *could* endure that woman. It was a gem of a room, too! And I have only time to call at one more place to-night. Let me see, there is only one left.

He pulled the *Sun* from his pocket, and glanced at the advertisement. It was brief and concise:

"Two single gentlemen can be accommodated with board and lodgings, at No. 73 —— street. Call at all hours."

"That is sensible, and to the point," muttered our hero. "I hope it is a sample of things at No. 73."

It was a pleasant-looking house, with a few bright-faced flowers nodding in the open window, and insensibly Phil's courage began to rise at the sight. He mounted the steps and rung the bell, with a vague feeling that this was to be the end of his search.

The door was opened by a young gentleman with a book in his hand, who waited politely for Mr. Waldron to state the nature of his business.

"I have called to inquire about the room," explained Philip.

"All right; I'll show it to you," replied the young gentleman, briskly. "Come up-stairs."

Phil followed his guide up the stairs into a large plainly but comfortably-furnished room, and looked around with a satisfied air. The blind was partly closed, clothing the room in twilight, and scrupulous order and neatness reigned. There was a tiny vase of wild blue asters on the table, at sight of which Phil's heart gave a great bound. He had gathered them so often in the bygone years for Rue Forrester!

"The place suits me exactly," he said, turning to his chaperon, "and I will engage it if there can be a white curtain placed at the window."

"Curtain?" repeated the young gentleman, reflectively. "Seems to me Rue told me to say there would be one, but I'm not certain; I'll ask her; wait one moment."

And unheeding Phil Waldron's start, he darted out along the passage. A door near opened at that moment, and a woman came into the hall. She wore a dark calico dress, with a dainty jaconet apron tied about her waist; her hair—shining—sunshine-lighted, and waving, fell loosely over her shoulders. She turned slowly as Phil looked, disclosing the delicate features and wide blue eyes of Rue Forrester.

He shrunk back into the dusky room at the sight—back where she could not see him, while he still watched her. Pale and anxious she looked, but it was still Rue—*his* Rue no longer, no more forever!

He realized it then as he never had done before, as the young man said a few words, so low he could not catch them, and then stooped and kissed the fresh young face so near his own—the face he had so often kissed in the dead long ago, and thought all his own!

He watched with a fierce pang the pleased flush come over the pale face at the low words, drawing further back in the dusk as his guide—Rue's husband—(what a pang the thought cost him)—came back.

"There is to be one put up at once," he began, but Phil interrupted him:

"On second thought, I have decided not to take the room," he said in a half-stifled voice, beginning to move away.

"Not take it!" exclaimed the young man, in a bewildered tone. "I—you—"

"Charlie! Charlie!" called Rue's voice at this juncture, and Phil, glad of an excuse to leave, hurriedly descended the stairs. At the door he paused to recover his glove, and turning, met her face to face.

"Philip!"

She made an eager movement as if to spring forward, flushed painfully and drew back, quietly offering her hand.

"I did not think to find you in New York," Phil said, gravely, dropping her hand.

Her eyes filled with sudden tears.

"We have been unfortunate," she said, simply. "And you are the new boarder? That will be pleasant. You are coming at once?"

"Not at all," he answered, rather coldly. "I have decided to not come."

"Not come?" she repeated, Phil thought in a dismayed tone." I thought—Charlie said—"

"I *did* think of coming at first, but decided to not, and so informed your husband."

He spoke somewhat stiffly, but she only looked at him wonderingly.

"My husband," she repeated, vaguely; "I am not married."

"No?" Phil caught his breath quickly, turning to "Charlie," who stood on the stairs, a silent spectator.

"Who is *he?*"

"Cousin Charlie Forrester," she replied, gravely. "He is visiting us."

"I saw him kiss you," said Phil, bluntly.

"Yes," she said, quietly, but with scarlet cheeks, "he was congratulating me on my new boarder. We are very poor, papa is nearly helpless, and I counted on the proceeds of another boarder to have him doctored."

Phil hesitated a moment, then walked straight up to her, unheeding Charlie's presence.

"Rue," he said, looking down into her eyes, "foolish pride parted us four years ago; shall strong, enduring love bring us together once more? You can never know how much I have wanted you!"

He drew her to him, unresisting, kissing the sweet, flushed face, and sunny hair, with passionate eagerness.

"Oh, Phil! How I have prayed for this moment!"

She nestled down in his arms, and Charlie, with a very owl-like expression, disappeared in the back regions.

And Hal Anderson, listening that night in the privacy of their room to Phil's story, remarked:

"I didn't think, when I rebelled against Mrs. Grim's *regime*, that I was going to be the humble instrument to restore you to Paradise lost. But I'm glad of it, old fellow!"

☞ **Take Notice!**—Captain Mayne Reid's new story, **THE SPECTER BARQUE,** a Tale of the Pacific, commences *this week*. Having been *written expressly* for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, it will appear in serial form in America only! The thousands of admirers of this King of Romancers will see the necessity of *at once* giving a *definite order to their newsdealer to save them a copy of the* SATURDAY JOURNAL *regularly*, if they would not be disappointed by being unable to secure the papers containing this splendid serial. All who have read, (and everybody has) a romance by this celebrated author, will not want to miss this his last thrilling sea story.

Coral and Ruby:

OR,

THE RETRIBUTION OF A LIFE-TIME.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON,

AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED," "STRANGELY WED," "CECIL'S DECEIT," "MADAME DURAND'S PROTEGES," "THE FALSE WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE DESERT WAY.

THE Stuart home was one of those palatial residences with a retinue of servants, and long stretches of rooms *en suite*, like a grand hotel on a reduced scale; the members of the family following their individual tastes and interfering little with each other's actions as if nothing deeper than the courtesy of intercourse bound them together. There was one power which asserted itself at rare intervals, which all acknowledged when the master of the house made his voice heard. It was a voice with a very potent element contained, and a fashion of asserting itself like an unexpected thunder-clap, never heralded by premonitory mutterings, and even Dolph had a deference not wholly unmixed with a little awe of the father, who could be unreasonable as well as resolute.

Dolph was in his own pet apartment, which he called his den and the family designated as his study. A room luxuriating in cabinets filled with specimens of fossils, ores, dried vegetation, skeletons of birds and beasts, and stuffed representatives of the same—all the various collections which the naturalist's heart delights in. Partly library, with a tall book-case stocked with all sorts of ponderous volumes. Smoking-room and lounging-place as well, with ranges of meerschaums and round-bowled, fantastic Dutch pipes which its occupant never touched, and cases of choice cigars which he lightly indulged in, but kept plenteous supplies for his intimate friends—with a number of couches and stuffy easy-chairs disposed about.

There was a glorious blaze in a wide chimney-place, with a sofa drawn before it, and Dolph's six feet of manhood stretched thereon. Basking lazily in the glow of light, with an arm thrown up to shadow his face, an observer not knowing him would have been startled when some sound caused its withdrawal, to see the stern, resolute cast of the boyish face—by no means the face of the dreamy, ease-loving student which the surroundings hinted at.

He lifted his head as the door unclosed to a self-admitted visitor, but sprung to his feet at seeing Clive Tracy. The two, who were close friends a short time past, had scarcely met in weeks. Dolph stood still, a flush in which was mingled embarrassment and resentment mounting to his brow—for an instant only, then, ashamed of the doubt he had been unconsciously cherishing in his own mind, advanced a step to meet his visitor.

"Tracy! The last man I was expecting to see, I believe. You have deserted the old familiar quarters for so long a time past. Have a chair, or my lounge of idleness vacated there?"

"Thanks—neither; I've so short a time to stop. What's this I hear of your going away, Dolph?"

"Little except the fact, I presume. There's not much else to be annexed. I have put one of my old undefined notions into shape, and accepted a proposition from one of our learned scientific bodies. I shall spend the remainder of the season coasting along the Florida reefs, taking my journey there by way of New Orleans, by my father's request."

"They say—don't resent the liberty of my repeating it—at least, somebody has said that your visit to the Crescent City is not without a peculiar object; something, in short, of a matrimonial engagement existing or to be brought about speedily."

"As is usual in such cases, 'somebody' has reported 'something' quite astray of the mark," returned Dolph, coldly. "I haven't an objection to letting you know the straight way of the story. I go simply to please my father, as I have stated. It is his wish that such an engagement should be consummated, if possible, but I am of another mind, as he is well aware. The lady in question is a full cousin of my own, though quite unknown to me, and he has asked me to make her personal acquaintance, I believe with the hope that I may be so favorably impressed as to accede to his desire. I yield so far, but have warned him he will be disappointed in the result."

Clive Tracy pulled his brown beard with nervous fingers, and absent, moody eyes fixed upon the fire.

"What's at the root of this crotchet of yours? Confound it, boy, I know well enough, but it goes hard with a man to confess his own shortcomings, misdeeds deliberate or otherwise. I wanted to close my eyes, and I let my eyes be closed, and I'm paying the penalty for my forced blindness now. You are going because you've been told that I am to marry Coral Stuyvesant."

"You broke the news to me yourself, if you remember—out of consideration, I am willing to believe. She acknowledged the betrothal; altogether conclusive authority, I should say. Men have become wanderers from a like cause before to-day, Mr. Tracy."

"For the Lord's sake, drop your bitterness, Dolph! Take my last chance, fight your own battle—you'll win at last—and give up this scientific research business to me."

Dolph turned a gaze of undisguised astonishment upon him.

"What is it you mean, Tracy? You, Coral's affianced husband, proposing that, and in all seriousness?"

"Nobody's affianced husband, or like to be again. I've reconsidered your invitation; I'll take that chair and give you such satisfaction as I can, instead of the mere inkling which was in my mind as I came in. I took the code that 'all's fair in love,' and supplanted you, though knowing that Coral reciprocated your preference fully as you could desire."

"The result would prove differently," answered Dolph, standing a motionless figure defined against the leaping firelight. "You underrate your own influence from the outset; it was my presumption, of which I have been summarily cured, to overrate mine."

"I encouraged myself to believe something of the same sort which rankles with you," Clive continued—"that her apparent liking was only a fancy which would pass, or change to another object as devoted—meaning always myself. I meant to rival you by all the honorable means in my power, and chance threw in my hands the material to further my aim in a manner most ungenerous, though I blinded myself to that fact then. Mrs. Harland had some object—Heaven knows what!—not only to interfere between Coral and you, but to forward my cause, perhaps for the very sake of that interference. She has an unlimited power over Mr. Stuyvesant, the knowledge of a secret through which she has succeeded as his evil destiny for very nearly a score of years. One which, if made known, would reflect upon him and his with a fearful consequence. She told that secret to me, declaring that the only method to prevent its publicity was to separate Coral from you, and to effect it permanently by marrying her to me. I yielded, and used the influence I had gained, self-pleading that it was to save Coral. I should have resisted and used my strength to baffle the woman's cunning malignity. Enough was told Coral to convince her that a terrible danger threatened her parents which could only be averted by the acceptance of my suit. Almost broken-hearted, she was wholly dutiful, and hid her own pain so bravely that I did not suspect what a sacrifice she had given. I never knew until to-night."

Dolph's eyes were fixed upon him with an eager, hopeful gleam. If Coral had been forced into that engagement which Tracy assured him was broken now, he might be pardoned for entertaining hope.

"You heard of the accident upon the river through Mrs. Andrews of course. She has been very ill since that—Coral I mean—but the raging fever from which she suffered, was due more to the overstrain of mental disquiet, which preceded that than to her submersion and narrow escape from drowning. It must have been that her weakness lessened her faith in her own powers of endurance. To-day when she was supposed to be sleeping, she stole away from her home, weak and ill as she had left her sick bed—went away to avoid me and the consummation of the engagement which has caused her much unhappiness—so said the few hastily-written lines she left behind. That, begging her parents' forgiveness for the step she had taken, asking them not to seek for her, and promising to return when convinced I had fully relinquished all claim to her hand."

"Gone?—really gone?"

"Really gone! That cut me deeper than any thing else. That she should distrust my love like that! Heaven knows there was never a moment I would not have given back her liberty had I known how the bond chafed her. I have been wrong from first to last, and there shall be no flagging in my endeavor to right my share in the pain she has borne. Because there was a stern test required of the man who should win her, I had no right to suppose that you would fail where I was glad to stand firm. They will institute a search for her of course, but I have a conviction that it will fail. She will return of her own accord when assured that I no longer aspire to her hand; she will be convinced when she knows that I have undertaken the journey and the mission you had purposed. You won't refuse me, Dolph, now that I have given into your hands the task I would have undertaken of shielding Coral from whatever ill may befall? What that is I can not tell—others may. I don't need to ask if you will undertake the charge."

No need, indeed. A glance at the resolute young face, aglow with hope and confidence renewed, was enough to assure him. Words, straight to the point, were not lacking, but Clive waived them speedily as possible. He had not arrived at the stage to complacently review the sacrifice of his own aspirations to another's success.

"When did you propose to go?" he asked, himself rising, but leaning an elbow upon the mantelpiece while he lingered.

"To-morrow. My trunks are packed and only the good-byes left for morning."

"But the trip to New Orleans, that would have occupied several days, shall be omitted from my programme. Before they shall have expired we will effect the change which gives me the appointment you relinquish. The sooner the better if it brings Coral back."

"Are you going there?" As Clive made a motion to depart. "I will accompany you if you have no objection."

"And I must urge an objection. I have not yet announced this intention of mine; let me pave the way, and you go to-morrow with your offering. Don't let the delay fret you, boy; young blood is impatient, but this is time gained in the end."

He went, and on his way through the streets knit his brows close, and vexed himself with the question which had occurred oftenest since forming his intention—what course would Mrs. Harland be apt to pursue? The revelation of the secret, as she had told it to him, had held one clause reserved; she gave no hint that *she* was the deserted wife Boyd Stuyvesant had wronged in the years far passed.

"If money will buy her to silence, it shall not be lacking," he thought. "If that fails, if there be any thing in *her* private history which may change her purpose rather than have it exposed, there shall be those put upon the track who will unearth and drag it to the light. I will know this night what course to pursue."

Mr. Stuyvesant, who had returned during the earlier part of the evening, was out when he arrived there. He sent up his card to Mrs. Harland, and let himself into the long parlors while he waited. They were deserted, with a single drop-light at either end, leaving a vague twilight in the spacious rooms. A form entering, approached him through the intermediate gloom—not Mrs. Harland, but Mrs. Harland's daughter.

He saw his card held lightly between her fingers, which she dropped into a filagree rack as she passed, and held out her hand to him with the expression of frank grace which always reminded him vaguely of Coral, her sympathetic face more sweetly winning than in its usual proud brilliancy.

"You have come to ask if there is news of Coral, Mr. Tracy? The time has been too short to admit of much having been done, and the uncertainty is by no means lessened. Mr. Stuyvesant has not come in yet, and my mother went a short time ago to Mrs. Andrews, hoping she might have taken refuge there. It is not probable that she left the city, weak and ill as she was."

"Your mother, Miss Harland?—I was hoping for an interview with her."

Ruby's face was a little turned from him, drooping, and she spoke in a hurried way, which betrayed how hard it was for her to speak at all.

"I am afraid you attribute this sorrowful occurrence to my mother, Mr. Tracy. It may be so in result; I know that she has some powerful reason for entertaining bitter dislike of my guardian and his family—a reason I have never understood, and a resentment in which I have certainly never participated. She will always have that feeling toward them, I suppose; we come of a bitter, bad line, who never forgive deliberate injury. We have our own strong affections, though, and she has promised me to cease active hostility against them for all time after this. She would scorn to break a promise once given. The past I regret more than I can tell, but I am glad I can give you that assurance of her discontinuance of active enmity. Your interest is so interwoven with theirs, that you will be rejoiced to know whatever harm it was threatened them through her is no longer contemplated."

Knowing the stern nature of the woman who had been so relentless in her vengeful pursuit, this sudden cessation of hostility looked unreasonable in his mind.

"She promised, Miss Harland, quite willingly and without reservation? Pardon me, but it seems a most unnatural course for one of your mother's implacable disposition."

A change passed over Ruby's features, a slight convulsion succeeded by a still pallor, and she faced him squarely with what seemed a lingering reproach in those eyes of oriental dusk and softness.

"You force me to a confession of some painful scenes between my mother and myself before she most unwillingly relinquished her set purpose. I have never shared that enmity of hers, and it has recoiled upon me, whom she loves, in a measure she could not well endure to see. Look in my face and see if I have not suffered. Think of the bitter and constant humiliation and reproach of knowing that my presence in my guardian's home, where I was kindly received and generously entertained, was the first move to repay him with the misery which I have witnessed without being able to define in this unhappy household. It has been an unenviable position I have held; I have been haunted by a feeling as though we stood upon the brink of some frightful revelation, which should overwhelm us all together. The undefined terror of it—it must have been—has worked upon me for weeks past, and it was my pleading at last which has induced my mother to forego whatever remains of the purpose she had in view. We will leave here very soon, and never intrude again as unhappy reminders of this wretched time."

He did not doubt her sincerity, but failed utterly in reading what nature of passion it was had weighed upon her—what more than remorse at being the passive instrument to bring torture home to her guardian, looked out from those pain-full, unfathomable eyes. She understood his unconsciousness with a dread sinking at her heart lest this concession might come too late to effect the end planned. If he should hold fast to the advantage her mother had put in his hands—what then? She knew that, held to her promise by him, Coral would fulfill it if even her heart broke by doing so—that much for the proud will which had a prototype in the one-time sacrifice of Coral's mother. Her heart thrilled with some slight assurance of success as he answered her, warmly:

"You have done a greater service than perhaps you imagine, Miss Harland. I thank you for it from my heart, through my own deep interest in their welfare; but it will soon be understood that my relation to the family has changed. Deeply and faithfully as a friend can serve them will I devote myself to their cause, but with no thought of being ever closer than a friend. You, with your woman's sympathetic feeling, may be able to understand Coral's shrinking from the love and protection I offered her; I am hurt that she should have deemed me so ungenerous, bitterly angry with myself for the blindness which never acknowledged her repugnance to the marriage proposed. I shall be a lonely man all my days, Miss Harland, the more so for having hoped something better; but happier than if she had been forced on to that unwilling consummation."

"It need not be so," Ruby said, the tenderness of wistfulness softening her voice. "The strength of manhood does not often succumb unresistingly to disappointment, the pain can be put down and new promise found for the will to have it so. Even steadfast hearts have been caught in the rebound before this, Mr. Tracy."

"Never where their tenderest chords have been touched. I shall not drivel weakly over my lost chances—no more fancy to replace them. I shall go back to my place among the world's workers and strive to benefit humanity rather than sour against it. I, too, shall leave Richmond very soon, Miss Harland. I have persuaded Dolph to relinquish to me the enterprise he was about to engage in, and the few months' coasting along the Florida shore shall be the prelude to a voyage eastward, with the probability of never setting foot upon my native soil again. Notwithstanding Scott's stirring appeal, and the inborn affection which clings to the land of one's nativity, I shall not pine for the home which strangers will inhabit, or the fancy which will never be reality to me. Inactivity breeds misanthropical tendencies; earnestness in the pursuit I have chosen never fails to recognize the fascination of the roving life it involves."

Still he did not understand the cold pallor settled over the darkly-beautiful face, or the impassioned light burning in the glance which mutely implored him. For a moment and then it dropped away; a pang of exquisite bitterness wrenched her heart, though she answered, calmly:

"Let us hope for some different result; and your life deserves a pleasanter finale than that you depict, noble and useful, but woefully unsatisfactory withal. Its closing chapter should hold the recompense merited by such self-abnegation. Among the dusky-eyed sirens of the East there may be one found to accomplish the apparently impossible fact."

He shook his head, smiling slightly.

"No woman can ever be so fair in my eyes as the women of my own country, Miss Harland. None other can appeal to me with more than passing admiration."

Again that intensely mournful gaze turned to him, but quickly withdrawn.

"Will you take the assurance, then, of the last abiding wishes for your welfare, the truest appreciation of your noble, sacrificing spirit, from one of your countrywomen? I shall not fail to remember you with kindest regard."

She turned, walking away with the self-reliant, queenly poise which was notably characteristic of both mother and daughter, leaving him a little startled by the earnestness of her utterance, but forgetting that and her as Mr. Stuyvesant, coming in, drawn by the glimmer of light, paused in the parlor entrance.

His anxious, worn face told Tracy how fruitless his quest had been. There was a word or two of sympathy interchanged, of questioning and reply, as these two men, once engaged in a desperate rivalry, since knit together by the firmest of mutual affections, stood there together.

Miss Lang came gliding in, with her thin, sallow face expressionless as ever, her pale eyes with a furtive gleam under their downcast lids. She had heard Mr. Stuyvesant's entrance, and came to ask if there was news to carry her mistress. There was none, of course. The companion had not expected there would be, and was moving away again, when Clive detained her with a question.

"You nursed Coral past the crisis of her illness, Miss Lang. Did you gain no hint of the intention, which she must have revolved for some time previous to putting it into execution?"

"Not any, sir."

"And there was no one who might have influenced her to the step? Of course not, or, you being with her, would have known, aside from the evidence of her note, which shows it to have been her own choice."

"I'm not so sure; it's just possible that Mrs. Harland might have known something of it. She watched for an hour or so the night Miss Coral was conscious first. The fever notions take strong hold just at first sometimes, and she may have been encouraged in one. I don't say it was so, however."

"Mrs. Harland!" ejaculated Mr. Stuyvesant, "Why did you not tell that before, Miss Lang? I had no suspicion that Mrs. Harland penetrated to my daughter's room except once or twice she paused in passing to make inquiry."

"I thought nothing of it," Miss Lang answered, meekly. "Her orders were to be obeyed after she came first, and it didn't seem strange to me she should be interested in Miss Coral's state."

"Very well, Miss Lang. That will do."

"What do you think?" Mr. Stuyvesant asked, after she had gone. "Could she have an object in prompting Coral to the course? I thought it possible at first."

"I think not. I have been surprised by the assurance of a great concession on the part of Mrs. Harland. She has promised to leave you undisturbed by any act of hers hereafter—promised, meaning it, I really believe."

He briefly sketched his interview with Ruby.

"It's not like Margray to break a promise once given," said Mrs. Stuyvesant, "but be sure she has some deeper object in view than comes to the surface now. Had that promise been given before Coral's disappearance instead of since, I would suspect her of complicity."

"I have been losing sight of another subject. My purpose in seeking you to-night is to relinquish all claim to Coral's hand—the surest means of hastening her return. I can not now excuse the selfish blindness which prompted my course, but I shall do what I can toward rectifying my own grave mistake." There he related at length the change which had been agreed upon between himself and the young lover, whom Coral's heart had favored from the first. "Dolph is impatient to obtain an audience," he said, in conclusion. "Mr. Stuyvesant, it is my conviction that he should know the truth before he sees your daughter. He will be true and firm as steel; the danger of your secret's betrayal is past, and if it were not so their happiness in each other would outweigh the interference of his family or the comments of the world at large. I have changed my views, but I have had evidence to warrant the change. Tell Dolph, and let it stop there. Trust to him to come bravely through the ordeal."

"I believe you are right. Heaven bless you, Tracy, for this generous conduct—more than *I* deserve at your hands. And thank your Maker, man, for your sacrifice so nobly given this night if it spares you a lifetime of anguished atonement such as I have suffered."

It was the only time the old rivalry was even remotely broached between them. It was a remembrance both were willing to bury in this intercourse of the present, and Mr. Stuyvesant turned away abruptly as if to avoid any response, coming back from a turn across the floor to urge:

"Come around with Dolph in the morning, Tracy. I want your countenance to help me through with the whole pitiful story. Such a weight as has preyed upon me leaves me a very coward at thought of touching that concealed skeleton in our home lives."

If it was a sore heart he carried through the night with his present anxiety weighing upon him, and the contemplation of the misery which must be passed in review again, there was also another sore heart beneath his roof, shrinking with a numbing dread from the bleak prospective of life lying before.

Mrs. Harland, coming back from the pretended mission she had undertaken, found a mellow glow of light in her room, the summery warmth of atmosphere in strong contrast to the storm and cold without, and the quiet of unoccupancy reigning. She assured herself of that a little disappointedly by a glance around. She had expected to find Ruby awaiting with the result of her interview with Tracy—for Mrs. Harland's out-going had occurred between the delivery of the latter's card and her daughter's appearance in the parlors.

She removed her wrappings, and, after an interval, crossed the corridor separating their apartments to tap at Ruby's door. There was no answer, and, turning the silver knob, she went in without further warning.

Ruby was stretched upon a couch, a rigidly motionless figure, but at her mother's entrance her eyes, which had been closed, opened wide, as if the fire burning in them scorched the lids, the gray pallor on her face, which had come there with Clive's announcement of his proposed life exile.

"What does it mean, my child?" her mother asked, with deeper solicitude than often assailed her. "Ruby, tell me quickly, what has occurred?"

"The curse you visited upon their lives recoiling home, mother. Your vengeance should remain with them until death, you said, and I have entered upon the weary hopelessness of my life. The desert path, the foreshadowing of which grew into pictured fancy under my fingers, is the barren reality of all my life to come."

(*To be continued—Commenced in No. 162.*)

Barbara's Fate:

OR,

A BRIDE, BUT NOT A WIFE.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,

AUTHOR OF "LOVE BLIND," "OATH BOUND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE VACANT CRIB.

VERY cozily indeed looked the dining-room of Mr. De Laurian's house that evening as he entered it from the glare and racket outside in the city streets. His business completed to his satisfaction, he felt in a very delightful mood as he sauntered into the library, and from thence to the elegant dining-room.

The drawing-room was empty, he had seen as he passed by, and no noises were to be heard in the house. Regina was invisible, but his *chef du cuisine* was all attention, and he sat down to the delicious dinner in solitary state.

He leaned back in his chair, carelessly toying with his silver teaspoon as he glanced over the evening papers, while the stately ebon statue poured the coffee. The cloth was laid for two, which was unusual, Blanche preferring her meals in her own room.

But to-day, so sure was he that she would have acceded to his demands, that before he had left the house he had given orders for the second plate.

The table was richly decorated with massive plate, gleaming crystal and rose and gold-banded Sevres china, and it had been the thought of how Blanche's sweet face would look behind the coffee-urn that had sped him home that evening.

Through the orange-silk curtains the last sun-setting rays were falling, and yet Blanche had not come, or sent.

Where was she then, he wondered? At first, he had believed her repulse was genuine, and he had bit his lips in disappointment; but, as he thought of it, it seemed to him that she could not but reconsider her indignant denial. He grew impatient, and rung for Regina.

Receiving no answer to his imperative summons, and not daring to think any thing *could* be the matter, he himself went up-stairs direct to the front chamber which Blanche had occupied.

To his horror and consternation it was empty! She and Regina were gone; Blanche had escaped him!

With a muttered curse on his lips he sat down to consider what to do.

There was but one explanation to the disappearance. Regina had played him false, and, together with Blanche, had sought safety and liberty.

"The old witch! the treacherous cat!"

The words hissed from his lips as he paced to and fro in the elegant room, his eyes bloodshot with anger, his lips trembling with passion under his amber mustache.

She had not returned to Chetwynd Chase he felt almost certain; in New York, who was there to whom she could fly?

He bit his lips as he thought of Braxton and Drayton.

"It is to them she has appealed, and I doubt not that by this very moment that long-delayed message is on its way! Perdition seize me for trusting to any woman's word!"

His delicate dinner was untouched that night, and the man had his orders to take it away; while De Laurian, too restless to remain seated, too angry to enjoy a cigar, wandered aimlessly through the house.

He had been at great expense in furnishing it, as he believed Blanche would approve. Every thing had been done with an eye to her taste, and she had cordially admired, little knowing it was intended for a gilded cage for her.

He would be obliged to go to work very cautiously to gain the clue of her whereabouts; and as he had but lately mingled among men as he used to do, he rather dreaded any notoriety when it became known that not he alone, but Blanche Davenal also, had, as it were, arisen from their graves.

He knew, as well as old Mr. Drayton, that he could not compel Blanche to render him obedience; and he also knew that Blanche would be approved by all the world in her allegiance to Roy Davenal.

So he sat and walked all that night, laying his plans. And when morning came he had decided that "the game was not worth the candle." In other words, his love for Blanche was secondary to the desire he had felt to humble her—and baffle Barbara Chetwynd.

But, although he decided to let Roy have Blanche without any trouble on his part, he was not at all so willing that Blanche should escape so easily from his hands.

She had defied him in word and deed; she had thwarted him when all things seemed most auspicious. He had rescued her, and now he was very much disposed to hunt her down on another track, just to show her she could not, with impunity, afford to baffle him.

The immediate neighbors might have wondered where the lady, her nurse and baby had gone so suddenly; but no questions were presumed upon.

The next morning after Blanche's escape a red flag was hung out the window; the furniture sold at a "tremendous sacrifice," and No. —, —— street, left alone in its silent glory.

Mr. De Laurian had driven away in a *coupe*, and that was the end of the little episode in that direction.

But, during the two weeks that Blanche was at Drayton's, awaiting her husband's and parents' coming, De Laurian was not idle.

He had taken a room at the Astor House, from which place he pursued his investigations as to Blanche's whereabouts. A private detective was acquainted with the leading facts, and requested to discover her present abode.

Not only within a week did De Laurian learn she was sojourning at Mr. Drayton's, on West Twenty-eighth street, but that a divorce was filed against him in King's office, that news had been sent across the Atlantic of Mrs. Davenal's safety, that the "Pacific" mail steamship would bring the party, and that Regina was in constant, devoted attendance upon her young mistress.

To all this array of facts, De Laurian listened most earnestly; paid the detective and dismissed him.

So, then, all was fair weather with Mrs. Roy Davenal. She had weathered the storms and was anchored fast in the harbor.

He smiled as he thought that, then coolly lighted a cigar and commenced smoking it, as he slowly promenaded the apartment he called his.

A week of the time since Blanche had escaped him had passed, and he had been nursing in his heart the suggestions it had given him. It mattered not that Blanche had suffered so that she was all unsinning herself in the matter; his own heart, as base as ever beat, was still revengeful, if not jealous, and the novelty of being baffled by her lent strength to his determination to reach her yet.

His thoughts were intensely occupied now by a villainous scheme he had arranged for her.

Barbara Chetwynd was out of the way; Regina should not suspect; Blanche believed herself perfectly secure; hence, it was the time to strike, if ever.

The only difficulty he experienced was, whether it would "pay" him all the trouble he would be obliged to take.

With his cigar in his mouth he walked out into Broadway to decide.

The entire family of the Draytons had driven in their barouche down to the Cunard landing to welcome the returning party, whose arrival was the occasion of so strange and ecstatic a joy.

Blanche, almost faint from her eager impatience, remained at the house, where she might meet them and be greeted by the solemn privacy of home.

Above-stairs, Regina watched the little Constanzia, as she slept among her laces and ruffles—the little one of whose existence its father did not know, or grandparents dream.

Blanche had dressed the baby with infinite care, in a robe worthy its name and relationship. A wide azure silk sash was tied around it, and elegant pearl and ruby armlets looped its sleeves.

The young mother had kissed it and given it to Regina while she went down to the parlor.

Slowly as the minutes passed, it was not long before a cab rattled up to the door, and, through the hot, blinding tears that hung like mist over her strained eyes, Blanche saw first Roy leap therefrom, in impatient haste, followed by Mrs. Chetwynd and her father.

There was one second of agonized waiting, and then, with sobs of rapturous joy, too intense for words, Roy rushed into the room and clasped her in his arms.

It was a wild, fearful embrace; that grasping his loved from the grave, as it were; while the mother, in an agony of tears, so keen were her emotions, clasped a hand, and Mr. Chetwynd another.

Scarcely a word was spoken; a solemn, holy joy, too deep for utterance, bound them in silence.

Then Roy led her away to the window, and gazed in her soft, sweet eyes, as though his senses never again could be filled with the sight of her.

Later, when their tongues were unloosened, and questions could be asked and answered, the whole pitifully-sad story was told, from beginning to end.

At first Mr. and Mrs. Chetwynd could not credit the truth; but when Regina was called down from the slumbering babe, and Mr. Drayton added his belief, they, too, were constrained to accept the unwelcome truth. It was a great shock to them, and Rex, as he listened in dumb silence, grew pitiful to behold, as all his love, his confidence, was swept away at one fell blow.

"And yet I will refuse to credit all," he said, proudly. "I will see her first, and then—and then—"

His face grew stony with the anguish suggested, and he turned away to hide it.

And all this while Blanche was keeping her sweet secret; then, when Mrs. Chetwynd was earnestly questioning Regina, and Mr. Drayton engaging her father in conversation, she slipped from the room, with beating heart, to bring her little Constanzia down. But Roy's watchful eyes saw her depart, and immediately he followed her, overtaking her at the foot of the stairs.

"I couldn't lose the sight of you so soon, even for a moment. Oh, my darling, my own darling wife!"

Blanche nestled in his strong, glad arms with perfect peace shining from her eyes.

"*You* never can know, much as you love me, Roy, all the terrible anguish I have passed through. But I am more than repaid, dearest, by this hour; and when you learn what I have been holding in reserve, you will be happier yet. Roy"—and she lifted her mouth to his ear—"we've a baby daughter, alive and well. Little Constanzia."

His face lighted up with a luminous pride.

"My darling Blanche! indeed I am doubly blest! Take me to her, that I may give her her father's blessing—this other little treasure snatched from the grave."

With light steps and happy hearts, that left impress on their expectant faces, they entered the room, and tiptoed across to the lace-canopied crib.

Blanche tenderly removed the linen sheet—and a piercing scream burst from her.

"Who has taken her out? Roy—where is my baby?"

Her loud, agonized scream brought Regina in breathless haste. Her countenance turned fairly green with fear as she gazed, half bewildered, at the empty crib.

"May God help you—but I solemnly believe your baby has been stolen by Gervaise De Laurian! I left her sleeping fifteen minutes ago, and no one in this house has come up-stairs."

With a fearful, heart-curdling cry, Blanche sunk insensible beside the little vacant crib.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE "STAR" OF THE BOARDS.

THE intensest confusion and excitement instantly began their reign in Mr. Drayton's mansion.

His family, who, after greeting the returned tourists at the Cunard wharf, had, with commendable discretion, prolonged their drive home in order that the meeting might be private, drove up to learn the pitiful news just as it became known. Words seemed so powerless to depict the terrible anguish that came upon that household when the fact became undisputed that Mrs. Davenal's baby had been kidnapped.

It seemed so much harder to be borne, under the peculiar circumstances that had reunited them; and when the news went forth, as it did, spreading like wildfire, sympathy and tenders of assistance came pouring in a flood upon them.

Immense rewards were offered for the return of the child, or information that would lead to its recovery.

Detectives were sent out on Gervaise De Laurian's track, for there was not the slightest doubt but that *he* had done, or instigated, the deed.

But success was not to be now.

Various false rumors reached them from day to day, but these all proved as such, and when a fortnight had gone, there was less clue than ever.

Through all these trials, Blanche, the long-tried, sore-afflicted mother, lay in a delirium of fever; and in the terrific struggle between life and death, they feared, if life were at last saved, her reason never could stand the shock.

But when, the fever-light fled, she opened those sad, sad eyes, that should never smile again, that would ever bear that brooding, eternal shadow in their brown deeps, they knew she was sane, and for it thanked the inscrutable Mercy that had mixed so bitter a cup for them to drink.

Pallid, trembling, and heartbroken, she desired to be taken home to Chetwynd Chase; and, with sad good-byes, they left the hospitable house of the Draytons, and returned to their silent, long-deserted home, just as the first September days began, and there another surprise awaited them.

They found the servants had returned from a holiday Mrs. Rex had given them—Regina having prepared them for that news—and finding the mansion deserted by Barbara, had taken upon themselves to force an entrance into the servants' wing, beyond which they had not intruded.

Much as Mr. Chetwynd and his wife, and Roy, expected to find Barbara gone, they were hardly prepared for the grief and anguish that fell upon Rex when he could no longer doubt the fact of his wife's foul perfidy and guilt.

The poor fellow wandered through the halls like one demented; and what with Blanche's crushing grief, it seemed as if a Curse, indeed, had enwrapped them all in its somber folds.

Little by little all hope of recovering baby Constanzia was abandoned, and the weeks changed to months on their leaden pinioned wings, while a sad, mute sorrow, seemed ever brooding over the unfortunate family.

And all this while not a word had ever come of Barbara. Columns of personals had been printed in the Herald, in all imaginable forms, but had failed to elicit a word from her.

Rex, restless and miserable, when the first poignancy of his grief wore off, left Chetwynd Chase on a tour of investigation, and the immediate family settled down in a quiet, retired way, seeing visitors, of course, when they came, and paying a few calls that courtesy imperatively demanded, and which their sorrows could not be allowed to meddle with.

And all these days Blanche Davenal's heart was sinking, sinking with despair; her whole nature crying out against the awful, inhuman sin that had been committed against her; while Gervaise De Laurian—

He had not remained in New York after the day of the Chetwynds' arrival; it was very warm, and, in obedience to all his impulses, he gave up his room at the Astor, and started off on an aimless pleasure tour.

Long Branch, Saratoga, Newport, were in turn patronized; then, ennuied, and pleasure-surfeited, he resolved to run over to England, and if he enjoyed himself, tour it all over the continent.

As with Gervaise De Laurian to will was to do, in a fortnight after—while Blanche Davenal sat moaning and weeping amid the October brightness that glowed around Chetwynd Chase—he smoked his cigar in a fashionable restaurant in London, and wondered how he should pass the first evening of his arrival. Conspicuous among the placards on the wall of the bar-room, was an announcement that Miss Ethel Wyndham, the charming actress and songstress, that night appeared in the famous *role* of "Muriel, the Avenger," in "Hunted Down." Her beauty was extolled in warmest terms, and her wondrous talent was too grand to express. A fledgling in her art, she had already had half London at her feet.

So De Laurian strolled through the streets to the Prince of Wales Theater, where this star of the highest magnitude condescended to shine, secured a seat in the parquette, and, as usual with gentlemen of his style, began looking around for pretty women's faces.

To the preceding farce he paid no attention, nor was it until thunders of applause shook the house, as Miss Wyndham came gracefully to the footlights, that he turned his eyes to the stage.

He saw a magnificent-looking woman, cold as an iceberg, haughty as an empress, bowing to the admiring crowd. He saw the darkly flashing eyes, the streaming raven black hair, the perfect form, all as in a dreamy maze.

Could it be possible? Was he in a trance, or were all these people around him living beings?

Was he really himself, and was that brilliant woman on the boards of the Prince of Wales Theater she whom he had betrayed, who had bade him remember she "was not yet done with him?"

His eyes were riveted eagerly on her, watching every motion as she moved about the stage. Gradually he decided that the resemblance was not so great as he at first thought. Miss Wyndham's voice, though mellow and pleasant, had not that rich redundancy of musical tone that "*hers*" had.

Again, and with a curse on his stupidity, he remembered "*her*" hair was brown, deeply, darkly brown, 'tis true, but very unlike Miss Wyndham's ebon tresses that curled in loose masses from forehead to waist, while "*hers*" had fallen one heavy, arrowy tress, almost to her knees.

But this Miss Wyndham was superlatively lovely; she was the "rage," and more than all, to Gervaise De Laurian, she was "new."

So, weary of the same old faces, this bright, sunny-eyed one impressed him keenly, and he inquired quite earnestly about her.

He learned she was only "Miss" on the stage; she really was a widow, with one child, who had come to London at the death of her husband, to earn her fortune by her art.

Not a word that she uttered escaped him; his admiration increased, his interest deepened; and when a shower of bouquets and wreaths fell at her feet, at the conclusion of "Hunted Down," there was one tiny offering of a tuberose and jessamine leaves, to which was attached a card bearing the name of the giver—"Gervaise De Laurian."

(*To be continued—Commenced in No. 158.*)

☞ **Take Notice!**—Captain Mayne Reid's new story, **THE SPECTER BARQUE,** a Tale of the Pacific, commences *this week.* Having been *written expressly* for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, it will appear in serial form in America only! The thousands of admirers of this King of Romancers will see the necessity of *at once* giving a *definite order to their newsdealer to save them a copy of the* SATURDAY JOURNAL *regularly,* if they would not be disappointed by being unable to secure the papers containing this splendid serial. All who have read, (and everybody has) a romance by this celebrated author, will not want to miss this his last thrilling sea story.

The Mad Detective:

OR,

THE GIRLS OF NEW YORK.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MAN IN GRAY.

GORMAN O'SHANE, ESQ., as he delighted to style himself, left the presence of Rosaline Ameston a little bewildered in his mind.

"What the divil does she want to see that thafe of the world, Blackie, for?" he muttered, as he descended the stairs of the hotel. "Is it to break off the marriage between him and the wax-doll beauty, I wonder? Arrah! these women are at the bottom of all trouble in this world, and have been, too, since the days of Eve. Oh, why didn't father Adam l'ave the apple alone, bad 'cess to him?" By the time he had finished his reflections he had gone down to the office. Passing through, he emerged upon the sidewalk.

He hesitated for a moment.

"Shall I take an omnibus, or walk?" he muttered; then, after thinking for a moment, he decided to walk. So, proceeding through the cross street, he went at once to Madison avenue.

As he turned the corner of the avenue he happened to glance behind him, and noticed a gentleman, dressed in a dark-gray suit, coming leisurely up the street, following in his track. This fact of course had nothing in connection with it to call for any particular attention from O'Shane, except that the face and form of the man in gray seemed to be familiar to him.

"Be gobs! I've seen him before somewhere," O'Shane muttered; yet at the instant he could not remember where. But there was nothing in this fact either to call for especial remark, and O'Shane went on his way up the avenue.

But, as he walked briskly onward he speculated as to what would be the result of the coming interview between the diamond beauty and the wild and reckless Blackie.

"Faix! the fat will be in the fire, sure!" he muttered. "She loves him, the thafe of the world, wid his aisy, illigant ways, and sure she's not the woman to give him up to another. The Irish blood in her veins is up, and she'll take him away from the other gurl out of spite. It's a blundering blockhead I am! I ought to have kept my tongue between my teeth, and not have been after letting the cat out of the bag. Sorra a taste of that hundred dollars will I get at all, at all. Faix! I never open my mouth but I put my foot in it!" and O'Shane cut viciously at the air with the light switch cane which he carried. "Oh! the blunderhead that I am! When I went to the house, why didn't I keep away!" and again he whirled his cane around and cut at the air. Then, suddenly remembering that he was giving vent to his emotions in the open street, he looked around to see if any one was noticing him.

And as he looked back, to his astonishment, he discovered that the man in gray was coming up the street behind him. A low whistle came from the lips of the Irishman. All at once the knowledge of where he had seen that man before flashed upon him.

As he had followed Rosaline up the stairs of the Hoffman House he had noticed this man lounging carelessly in the hallway of the hotel, and then after the interview with her, on coming again into the entry he had again seen the man in gray sauntering listlessly up and down the hallway. At the time, of course, he had not thought that there was any thing worthy of notice in the affair, but now that the man in gray seemed to be dogging his footsteps, O'Shane began to be uneasy.

"It's after me, sure, he is," the Irishman muttered, and then carefully in his mind he reviewed the transactions in which he had taken part during the last year. "I've done nothing at all," he mused, satisfied that he had no part in any action likely to place a spy upon his footsteps. "What does the blaggard mane by follering me? By me soul! if I thought that it was follering me that he was after, I'd turn round and ax him what he wanted."

And all this time O'Shane had been walking briskly on, and the man in gray still steadily followed in his track.

"Bedad!" cried O'Shane, suddenly, "I'll find out if it's me you're after, me jewel, and, if it is, I'll come to the fore wid an explanation, ye blaggard, or me name's not Gorman O'Shane!"

And, acting on this thought, O'Shane turned into Thirtieth street and went through it to Fifth avenue, then up Fifth avenue to Thirty-first street, and through Thirty-first street to Madison avenue again.

O'Shane had kept a close watch upon the gentleman in gray, taking advantage of turning the corners to glance carelessly behind without betraying to the pursuer that he had a suspicion he was being followed, and, to O'Shane's intense disgust, he found that the man followed him closely, yet without apparently paying any attention to him.

"The blaggard is after me, sure enough!" he muttered, in anger, twirling the light cane violently in the air. He had just turned into Madison avenue, and the follower was coming up Thirty-first street. Then a sudden thought came into O'Shane's mind, and he halted suddenly.

"Bedad! I'll lay a trap for ye, me jewel!" he exclaimed, and he whisked the switch through the air gleefully. "I'll make ye explain what ye mane, ye blaggard, by follering a jintleman like Gorman O'Shane through the streets of New York. He's some dirty spy of an informer, I'll go bail, but sorra's the charge they can bring ag'in' me. Faix! my conscience is clear."

O'Shane was only some ten or twelve steps from the corner, and he turned back and advanced quickly until he was only a yard or so from it, and then, as he heard the steps of the other advancing at Thirty-first street, he stepped briskly forward and met the man in gray face to face on the corner.

It was the Virginian, Colonel Campbell!

He did not appear at all astonished as the Irishman stepped suddenly in his way and compelled him to halt.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said O'Shane, drawing himself up, stiffly.

"You needn't beg my pardon; you don't owe me any thing," said the colonel, placidly, and not in the least ruffled by the decidedly offensive manner of the Irishman.

"Then I won't beg your pardon!" cried O'Shane, enraged at the man's manner.

"It don't make the slightest bit of difference to me whether you beg my pardon or don't beg it," returned the Virginian, coolly.

"See here, what do ye mane by follering me?" exclaimed O'Shane, beginning to lose his temper.

"Following you?" said the colonel, apparently astonished at the accusation.

"Yis!" replied O'Shane, angrily; "it's of no use for ye to deny it! I've kept me eyes on ye, me beauty."

"Oh, you have?" questioned the colonel, in the quietest manner possible.

"Yis, I have," retorted O'Shane, exasperated by the coolness of the other.

"And you think that I have been following you?"

"I know ye have! It's no use for ye to attempt to deny it!"

"Well, if it's of no use, I won't attempt to deny it," and the colonel actually looked into the face of the other and smiled.

The Irishman took a firmer grip of his light cane and felt a very strong inclination to lay it over the back of the man in gray, but, with a great effort, he restrained his angry passions.

"And is it a spy of the dirty police ye are?" cried O'Shane, in withering contempt. "Maybe ye'd like to know who and what I am. There's my card, sir," and O'Shane shoved the little piece of pasteboard under the nose of the stranger.

He, without manifesting any anger at all, coolly read the name.

"Gorman O'Shane. You're an Irishman, eh?"

"And what's that to the likes of you?" demanded O'Shane, fiercely.

"What is that to me?" retorted the colonel, in surprise; "nothing at all that I'm aware of. I only mentioned the fact, just as I would have done if you had been a Dutchman or a Frenchman."

"Have ye any business wid me?" demanded O'Shane, utterly astounded at the coolness of a perfect stranger.

"None that I am aware of, sir."

"And which way are ye going?" questioned O'Shane, hotly.

"My first impression is to reply that that is none of your business," returned the colonel, not in the least excited; "and my second—which I shall follow—is to ask what possible interest that can be to you?"

"Because I don't choose to have ye spying me any more!" exclaimed O'Shane, in anger. "Be gobs! I've half a mind to dust your jacket!" and O'Shane flourished the switch vigorously in the air.

"You might be worried if you tried it," the colonel said, tersely.

And then the two men measured each other with their eyes.

O'Shane, hot-headed and hot-blooded as he was, could not help perceiving that in physical strength he was no match for the stoutly-built stranger, who had also the advantage of years on his side; so, with a great effort, he swallowed his rage as best he could.

"Ye know who I am, me foine fellow, and, if it's wanted I am, it's mighty aisy to find me widout putting a spy upon me," O'Shane said, with dignity; then he turned upon his heel and proceeded up the street. He never once glanced behind him, but, as he ascended the steps of the Van Tromp mansion, his eyes caught sight of the man in gray, still following him, a block or so down the avenue.

CHAPTER XX.

ERNESTINE'S TRUST.

BLACKIE sat in the parlor of the Van Tromp mansion. Two hours of sleep had banished all traces of the liquor from his face, and he looked as careless and as happy as usual; yet every now and then, a cloud would come over his face and for a few minutes he would appear to be lost in thought.

His meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Ernestine Van Tromp.

She came into the parlor, evidently expecting to find it unoccupied, and she gave just a little bit of a start when Blackie rose from the recesses of the easy-chair and advanced to meet her.

"I am so glad you have come," he said, in his frank, careless way. "I have one of my sad fits on and I was just wishing for some music to drive it away. Will you play for me?"

"Oh, yes, with pleasure," the girl answered, and yet, though she complied so quickly, her voice trembled as she spoke, and a faint blush stole into her cheeks and forehead.

She seated herself at the piano while he leaned on the side of the instrument, his old position.

"What shall I play?" she questioned.

"Any thing you like," he replied, and as he spoke he gazed upon her with such an expression in his dark, luminous eyes that the girl felt sadly ill at ease.

Never in all her life had she seemed to play so badly. It was an old, familiar waltz, so simple, so easy, and yet she could not play it through correctly, and at last gave it up in despair.

Blackie had watched the face of the girl narrowly; an old, experienced man of the world, twenty times at least had he whispered sweet words into some fair girl's ears, and seen the eyelids droop and the red blush kindle on the cheeks and pearly forehead; and now, the face of Ernestine Van Tromp was like an open book to him, and what he read therein made his heart leap with a fierce throb of joy.

The girl was turning over the music-pages listlessly, endeavoring to hide her confusion.

"Why, Ernestine, how nervous you are," he said, carelessly.

She gave just a little start; he had never called her Ernestine before, and never in all her life had she heard the name sound so sweetly.

"I am such a wretched player," she answered, avoiding his glance.

"Ah, you must not say that!" he exclaimed, lightly. "I am sure you play excellently, sometimes."

"Yes; but I can not play at all to-day."

"But, you have driven my dull thoughts away already," he replied, gayly. "See how much I owe you!"

A faint smile came over her face as she listened to his words, but she did not speak.

"I suppose that I must bid you good-by soon," he continued.

With a sudden start, Ernestine rose to her feet, and an anxious look came over her face and shone in the depths of her great, blue eyes. If Blackie had wanted proof that she cared for him, the start and look would have convinced him.

"You are going away?" she asked, evidently very much surprised.

"Yes, I must go," he answered, softly, and he half-averted his face from her.

"But I thought that you intended to make quite a long stay with us? Elbert told me so," she said, anxiously.

"Yes, I did intend to stay longer, but—" and Blackie hesitated.

"But what?" asked the girl, quickly. "Is there a reason why you wish to go away?" and she came close to his side and laid her little white hand upon his arm.

"Yes."

"And you will tell me that reason, won't you?" she said, imploringly. "I hope that you are not offended at any thing."

"Offended!" cried Blackie, impulsively, and acting on the spur of the moment, he placed his arm around the slender waist of the girl. The fair red and white face, so regular in its beauty, was flushed crimson with the tell-tale blood as she felt the slight pressure of his arm around her waist. The golden lashes came slowly down until they rested on the soft cheeks, and the clear blue eyes, so round and so innocent, were hid from view.

A moment Blackie gazed into the tell-tale face and his heart told him that the girl was his without a word, and yet he spoke, for he had much to say.

"No, Ernestine, you have all treated me like a prince ever since I had been beneath this roof. I am going away because I feel that I am in danger here."

"In danger?" she murmured, slowly.

"Yes, and that danger comes from you."

"From me?" and the heart of the girl throbbed convulsively as she spoke the simple words; the air around her seemed full of sweet incense, her head swam, she was conscious of one thing only, that his arm encircled her waist and his breath fanned her cheek.

"Yes, from you," he repeated. "I feel that I can not stay in your presence longer and remain silent; I must tell you the thoughts that are in my heart or fly far from the sweet witchery of your presence. Shall I speak or be silent? go or stay?"

Oh! what an effort it cost the girl to utter one little word—a word, too, which filled her soul with happiness. The truant blood leaped wildly in her veins, it flushed her face and mounted even to her brain. But at last, after what seemed an age of delicious joy, she spoke:

"Stay."

A little word, so lightly uttered, that it seemed more like the echo of a sound than the sound itself.

But to the quick ears of the lover, the sweet whisper of assent sounds in trumpet tones.

"My own dear girl!" he said, fondly. "But, Ernestine, before I speak, listen to the history of him who has forgotten prudence, strong resolutions, and almost forgotten honor, enchanted by the witchery of your dear self. You are a wealthy heiress while I am penniless. You have every thing and I nothing. Besides, I am a wild and reckless fellow, who has not passed untouched through the temptations of the world. I am so far beneath you, Ernestine, not only in wealth and social position, but in habits and temper, that to dare to hope to raise my eyes to you were as foolish as the madman's desire to pluck down one of the stars from the sky to pin upon his mantle. Ernestine, I do not love, I worship you."

The girl's quick ears were drinking deep in the honey of his words, and after the last cadence had fallen on the air, and no sound broke the stillness save the long-drawn breath and the quick pulsations of the two beating hearts, like one under the influence of a spell, she remained motionless and silent.

Blackie, with an anxious gaze, watched the wax-like face.

At last, with a sudden motion, the girl seemed to break the influence of the spell and regain the use of her tongue.

"I knew that I was rich and that you were not when we first met," she said. "I think that the woman who truly loves will never let riches weigh, even for a single moment, in the scale against love. 'Weigh nothing 'gainst love, weigh love against the world!' Remember, you taught me that and I am an apt scholar. The more a woman can give the one she loves, the greater must be her pleasure in giving it."

And do you remember my social position?" he asked, furnishing her with weapons to use against himself.

"You are a gentleman, and have been an officer in the service of your country; are there any higher titles in our republic?"

"No; but, Ernestine, there may be another reason why I am not worthy to seek your hand." Slowly the words came; had each one been a drop of blood, they could not have cost him more pain.

"I do not think that by any act of yours you will ever disgrace the woman who trusts all her happiness in your keeping," was the confident reply.

"Ernestine, I will not, can not deceive you. I have been a wild and foolish man. I was like a dismantled wreck drifting along, caring nothing for the past and but little for the future. I had no ambition—no hope in life. I rather sought temptation than avoided it. Then, I met you. Your face to me was like the sight of land to the shipwrecked sailor, a possibility that in this life there might yet be happiness for me. And when I look back at what my life has been, I ask myself, am I worthy to try for the love of such a girl as you are? But, in spite of myself, I have spoken. My love blinded my reason, and I thought of nothing but my love. I have been a slave to a vice which crushes the best of a man's nature."

"I knew your fault," she said, gently; "I am not blind, though Elbert may think me so. You are a slave to wine. Can you not give that up for the sake of the woman who loves you?"

"And do you dare to trust me?" he asked, trembling as he put the question.

"Trust you!"

A single moment she looked him in the face, and then blushingly she laid her head down upon his shoulder.

And by that act Ernestine confessed her love.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FAMILY SKELETON.

For full five minutes the lovers remained motionless; their happiness was too great for words. Then Ernestine gently withdrew herself from the embrace of her lover, her fair face covered with blushes.

"Come, sit down," she said, extending her hand to him. "Since you have spoken so freely to me it is but right that I should be equally frank with you."

Blackie wondered at these words, as well as at the serious look which came over the face of the girl.

The two sat down by one of the windows, yet far enough from it, shaded as they were by the heavy curtain, to escape notice from any passer-by in the street.

Blackie sat in the great easy-chair, while the girl drew an ottoman by his side, and sunk gracefully down on it, resting her arm upon the chair, and looking up into Blackie's face.

His arm stole gently around the slender waist, and he imprisoned one of her little hands within his own.

The gaze of Ernestine, which at first had sought Blackie's face, dropped gradually to the floor, and the loving look which her face had worn, as she felt the pressure of her lover's touch, gave way to an anxious expression. Blackie had watched the changing of her face in wonder; he could not divine the nature of the communication which the maiden seemed to hesitate to make, and he waited in silence for her to speak.

At last she looked up suddenly in his face; "Do you remember what Bulwer says in one of his works? 'Wise judges are we of each other!' I have often thought how apt—how true the words are. Only a few minutes ago you confessed to me, and now I must confess to you. The judge has become the culprit. Alexander," and her voice was low, soft and fond, as for the first time she pronounced the name that was so dear to her, "they say that every family has a skeleton in it's closet; my family is not an exception to the rule. We are now betrothed, and yet it may be many a long, weary day before we can stand by the altar, and exchange the vows which bind two lives in one."

Blackie listened in astonishment to the words, but as yet he could not comprehend their meaning.

Ernestine looked up wistfully in his face, as if to detect the impression her communication had made, but she only saw faith in the face, and love strong shining from the dark-brown eyes.

"Alexander, I have learned to love you, and yet my reason should have told my heart that the passion was an almost hopeless one," she continued slowly and sadly.

"Hopeless!" he exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes, that is the word," she replied, with downcast eyes.

"I can not understand how that can be," he said, in wonder. "Are you not free to marry?"

"No," she replied, and she shook her head wearily as she spoke.

"Why, Ernestine, you speak in riddles!" he exclaimed. "I have heard your cousin, Elbert, speak a dozen times at least in regard to your marriage. He has often wondered and remarked that he thought it strange that you have always rejected your suitors."

"There are two reasons for that," she replied. "The first one is that until I met you, I never saw any one whom I fancied, and the second, the one that I have just told you. I am not free."

"But I do not understand you at all," he expostulated, puzzled. "You love me, Ernestine, do you not?"

"Yes," she murmured, inclining her head as she spoke until it rested on his arm.

"And loving me, do you not desire to be my wife?"

"Yes," again she murmured.

"And yet you say that there is a reason which forbids our marriage?"

"Yes," again the low tone, so full of quiet resignation.

"But explain this riddle!" he exclaimed.

"It is 'the skeleton in the closet.'"

"There is some family secret, then?"

"Yes."

"But Elbert does not know it?"

"No; I alone of all our family."

"But can you not explain to me the nature of this secret?" he asked.

"Yes; but it will be painful for me to speak, and painful for you to listen; that is, if you love me." She spoke with deep feeling.

"But you do not doubt my love!" he exclaimed, quickly, bending his head and imprinting a kiss on her smooth forehead.

"No, I do not," she replied; "but perhaps it would have been better for us both if we had never met—never learned to love each other."

"Do not think that!" he rejoined, quickly; "it was our fate to meet and love; not many in this world escape their destiny, try how they may. But come, confide in me. Tell me all frankly and freely."

"I can not tell you all, for the secret concerns another besides myself."

"Another!" he exclaimed, in wonder.

"Yes; and until that other dies, I can never marry!" The girl uttered her words with mournful accent and deep dejection.

Blackie was thoroughly astonished at this avowal. It was clear to him that Elbert Van Tromp had no suspicion of this family secret.

"You are a gentleman," she continued, finding that he did not speak; "you would wish to be proud of the woman to whom you gave your name and the shelter of your arms."

"Yes," said Blackie, quickly, "as I would be justly proud of you, bright, beautiful girl that you are."

She shook her head sadly.

"Think, then, how terrible would be the shock if some day you should discover that a dreadful disgrace covered with its mantle of shame the woman whom you loved so well."

Blackie's face wore an expression of profound astonishment as he listened to her words. The trembling voice, the broken accent, and the averted face all betrayed how deep was the anguish of the girl.

"A disgrace attached to *you?*" he demanded, in wonder, almost unable to believe that he had heard correctly.

"Yes, to me," she murmured, "and at any moment the dreadful secret may be given to the world, and then shame is my portion forevermore."

"I can not believe but that you are laboring under some terrible delusion!" Blackie exclaimed. "You can not be sensible of what you are saying when you make such a dreadful statement."

"Oh, yes," was the sad reply; "I have revealed to you the bitter truth in all its terrible reality, so that you may see how hopeless is the chance that I may ever be your wife."

"But I can not understand it; what has this nameless person to do with you?"

"That is the secret that I can not explain," she replied, "for, as I have said, it concerns another. While that person lives I shall never marry, for I should lead a life of endless torment. You would want your wife to be happy, to greet you with smiles and loving looks, not with tears and inward reproaches; I should live in an agony of fear, lest the terrible secret should be discovered, and the shame which I alone ought to bear should also fall on you."

Mournful was the speech, yet the girl's manner was full of resignation to fate's stern decrees.

"Yet when the person you speak of dies, you will be free?"

"Yes; for the secret is only known to two beings in this world. If death should seal his lips, there would no longer be danger of discovery."

Blackie, though sorely puzzled, was not the man to be dismayed.

"Do not despair, Ernestine," he said, cheerfully; "time works wonders. We are both young; a day even may free you from the influence of this strange affair. We can never tell what the future will bring forth. Ernestine, I shall regard you as my plighted wife until, with your own lips, you bid me not to love you more."

"That will never be, I fear," she replied.

There was a violent ring at the door-bell, and, startled by the sound, Ernestine sprung to her feet.

"A visitor," she said, as a servant entered the parlor, with the intelligence that Mr. O'Shane wished to see Mr. Blackie.

"Show him in here, Thomas," Ernestine ordered, and then, when the servant departed, extended her hand to Blackie, who clasped it warmly, and she left the room, passing O'Shane, who bowed gallantly to the fair young beauty, as he entered.

The Irishman closed the door carefully behind him. He was evidently in a state of considerable excitement, and Blackie looked at him in wonder.

"Whist, ye divil!" O'Shane exclaimed; "I've a message for ye."

"Yes? what is it?" Blackie asked, carelessly.

"Miss Rosaline Ameston, of Nashville, Tennessee, wishes to see ye at the Hoffman House."

(*To be continued—commenced in No.* 167.)

Field Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE-BALL.

The base-ball season is now in full operation, and the leading events of each week, both in the amateur as well as the professional arena, show a noticeable improvement in the style of play; the remarkably small scores which mark the contests of the most prominent clubs of both classes proving the fact pretty conclusively. We notice with special pleasure the increasing interest in the game manifested by the students of the various colleges of the country, the college club season opening more brilliantly than ever before known. This promises well for the very best interests of our national game, for—as we remarked some ten years ago—it is to the college club nines that we shall eventually have to look for the most exciting and earnestly fought contests of the season. In the first place the amateur class generally can not spare the amount of time to training and practice that the collegians can, and though the professionals will always have the best facilities for acquiring that point of excellence in a practical knowledge of the game which thorough training and discipline yield, they will never possess that *esprit du corps* which is the feature of all college club contests, not to mention the drawback attendant upon the professional system of being almost entirely under the control and vicious influence of the gambling class. Moreover, in sports as in business, education produces superior workmen, and what your collegian lacks in training advantages in equaling the professional, is made up by his superior mental qualifications, the rule being—given two nines of equal playing skill as regards physical attributes, the more educated of the two nines will in the long run come out victorious.

THE PROFESSIONAL ARENA.

Up to the close of May the series of contests in the professional arena had been marked by smaller scores and finer fielding displays than ever before known in the first regular month of the season, the average of the scores of the winning nines in the championship contests not exceeding nine runs to a game. In fact a game between two leading professional nines is not now considered up to the standard if it exceeds six runs, a finely contested match not yielding the winning nine over four or five runs, the average of *earned* runs in the best played professional games not exceeding three. Below we give the record of the professional championship contests up to June 1st.

CHAMPIONSHIP CONTESTS.

The record of the contests in the championship arena from April 14th to the last of May is as as follows:

Date.	*Winning Club.*		*Losing Club.*	*Played at.*	*Score.*	
April 14,	Washington	vs.	Maryland,	Baltimore...	24	3
April 15,	Washington	vs.	Maryland,	Washington.	27	7
April 18,	Baltimore	vs.	Washing'n,	Washington.	7	1
April 21,	Baltimore	vs.	Washington,	Baltimore...	18	2
April 21,	Philadelphia	vs.	Athletic,	Philadelphia	11	3
April 23,	Philadelphia	vs.	Boston,	Boston	8	5
April 26,	Athletic	vs.	Baltimore,	Philadelphia	11	4
April 28,	Philadelphia	vs.	Resolute,	Waverly ...	23	5
April 30,	Baltimore	vs.	Athletic,	Baltimore...	12	10
May 1,	Philadelphia	vs.	Baltimore,	Philadelphia	10	7
May 5,	Baltimore	vs.	Mutual,	Brooklyn ...	6	1
May 6,	Baltimore	vs.	Resolute,	Waverly	8	3
May 7,	Atlantic	vs.	Baltimore,	Brooklyn....	6	5
May 7,	Athletic	vs.	Washington,	Philadelphia	12	3
May 9,	Philadelphia	vs.	Washing'n,	Washington.	16	4
May 10,	Baltimore	vs.	Philadelphia,	Baltimore...	7	4
May 12,	Philadelphia	vs.	Mutual,	Philadelphia	5	4
May 13,	Baltimore	vs.	Mutual,	Baltimore...	11	7
May 14,	Philadelphia	vs.	Athletic,	Philadelphia	5	4
May 14,	Mutual	vs.	Washington,	Washington.	6	2
May 14,	Baltimore	vs.	Maryland,	Washington.	25	3
May 15,	Washington	vs.	Mutual,	Washington.	12	8
May 15,	Boston	vs.	Atlantic,	Boston......	8	2
May 16,	Baltimore	vs.	Mutual,	Baltimore...	12	6
May 17,	Athletic	vs.	Mutual,	Philadelphia	12	0
May 17,	Atlantic	vs.	Boston,	Boston... ..	11	10
May 19,	Atlantic	vs.	Philadelphia,	Brooklyn....	18	11
May 20,	Philadelphia	vs.	Resolute,	Waverly....	6	3
May 23,	Boston	vs.	Baltimore,	Boston......	8	2
May 24,	Boston	vs.	Baltimore,	Boston......	9	7
May 24,	Philadelphia	vs.	Atlantic,	Philadelphia	5	1
May 24	Athletic	vs.	Mutual,	Brooklyn....	11	7
May 26	Athletic	vs.	Atlantic,	Brooklyn....	4	3
May 26,	Philadelphia	vs.	Resolute,	Philadelphia	7	2
May 27,	Baltimore	vs.	Mutual,	Brooklyn....	7	6
May 28,	Athletic	vs.	Baltimore,	Philadelphia	9	4
May 29,	Philadelphia	vs.	Baltimore,	Philadelphia	6	3
May 30,	Mutual	vs.	Boston,	Boston......	6	4
May 30,	Baltimore	vs.	Washington,	Washington.	10	6
May 31,	Boston	vs.	Mutual,	Boston......	16	9
May 31,	Athletic	vs.	Atlantic,	Philadelphia	10	5

The summary of championship contests up to June 1st shows the appended result.

Clubs.	*Won.*	*Lost.*	*Played.*
Philadelphia	11	2	13
Baltimore	11	7	18
Athletic	8	3	11
Boston	4	3	7
Atlantic	3	4	7
Washington	3	6	9
Mutual	2	9	11
Resolute	0	5	5
Maryland	0	3	3
	42	42	84

The average of runs to a game by the winning nines during April was sixteen runs and over to a match; in May it had been reduced to nine and over, thereby showing improved fielding.

The grand match of the season thus far was the game played at Philadelphia, May 14th, between the Athletic and Philadelphia nines. It was marked by an unprecedented score, as will be seen by the appended details.

PHILADELPHIA.	R.	1B.	P.	A.	ATHLETIC.	R.	1B.	P.	A.
Cuthbert, l. f.	1	4	6	0	McGeary, s. s.	1	0	0	6
Addy, 2d b.	1	0	3	1	McBride, p.	0	1	2	1
Malone, c.	1	1	7	0	Anson, 1st. b.	0	4	21	0
Meyerle, 3d b.	0	2	0	0	Fisler, 2d b.	0	0	4	7
Bechtel, r. f.	0	0	2	0	Fisher, r. f.	0	0	0	0
Fulmer, s. s.	1	0	3	8	Sutton, 3d b.	0	0	2	7
Treacy, c. f.	1	1	1	0	Clapp, c.	1	1	5	0
Mack, 1st. b.	0	0	15	0	Murnan, c. f.	0	0	3	0
Zettlein, p.	0	2	2	3	McMullin, l. f.	2	3	2	0
Totals	5	10	39	12	Totals	4	9	39	21

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNING.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Philadelphia	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1—5
Athletic	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	0—4

Runs earned—Philadelphia, 0, Athletic, 1.
First base on Errors—Philadelphia, 5; Athletic, 3.
Bases on called balls—Philadelphia, 4; Athletic, 0.
Umpire—Scott Hastings, Baltimore, Md.
Time of Game—Three hours and five minutes.

COLLEGE GAMES.

The season of college club nines for 1873 has opened more promisingly than any hitherto known. Up to June 1st the appended record will show that the play of the students has been very lively.

The record of contests in which college club nines have been engaged up to June 1 is as follows:

April 9,	Tuft's College vs. Boston	1	35
April 19,	Harvard vs. Boston	0	22
April 26,	Harvard vs. Boston	4	12
April 30,	Yale vs. Resolute	10	11
May 7,	Yale vs. Boston	0	23
May 10,	Princeton vs. Yale	9	2
May 10,	Harvard vs. Boston	5	17
May 14,	Yale vs. Atlantic	12	15
May 14,	Tuft's College vs. Boston	3	34
May 15,	Rose Hill vs. Jasper	14	13
May 17,	Trenton vs. Rutger	23	10
May 17,	Yale vs. Riverton	42	17
May 20,	Jasper vs. Rose Hill	34	10
May 21,	Princeton vs. Yale	10	9
May 21,	Harvard vs. Boston	7	14
May 22,	Princeton vs. Harvard	3	1
May 24,	Harvard vs. Yale	16	15
May 24,	Princeton vs. Resolute	6	2
May 28,	Harvard vs. Boston	2	14
May 28,	Tuft's College vs. King Philip	3	7
May 28,	Yale vs. Mutual	2	15
May 29,	Harvard vs. Mutual	3	8
May 31,	Harvard vs. Yale	29	5
May 31,	Harvard vs. Yale (Freshmen)	25	4
May 31,	Rutger vs. Nautihatas	21	13

The Springfield tournament, in which the college nines are to take part, will be between the Freshmen and not the University nines. Thus far the championship of the leading college club nines lies between Harvard and Princeton, the latter having the lead. The return match at Princeton will be an exciting contest. Should the Harvards win, the third game will be played either in Brooklyn or New Haven.

It is a noteworthy fact that the college nines are this year appearing to greater advantage in the field, and playing more closely contested and exciting games than ever known in the arena of amateur base-ball players. Especially are the series of contests for the college nine championship proving attractive. Thus far, to the surprise of all and the special delight of all the Jersey collegians, the Princeton nine are showing up in the arena in the strongest form, even leading professional players having to succumb to them. In our last we recorded their victory over Yale, and on May 22 they crowned the success of their Eastern tour by a victory over the champion Harvards in a game which was the model amateur contest of the season, and the best display of the beauties of the game, and the shortest full game and smallest score on record in the amateur arena. The score below gives the details.

PRINCETON.	R.	1B.	HARVARD.	R.	1B.
Pell, p.	1	1	Eustis, r. f.	1	1
Ernst, 1st. b.	0	0	Hodges, 2d b.	0	1
Bruyere, 3d. b.	0	0	Cutter, l. f.	0	0
Williamson, l. f.	0	0	White, c.	0	0
Paton, c. f.	0	0	Hooper, p.	0	0
Davis, c.	1	1	Annan, s. s.	0	1
Fredericks, r. f.	1	0	Eastabrooks, c. f.	0	0
Beach, s. s.	0	0	Barker, 3d b.	0	0
Lawrence, 2d. b.	0	1	Kent, 1st. b.	0	0

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Princeton	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—3
Harvard	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0—1

Umpire—Ross Barnes, B. B. C.
Errors—Princeton, 5; Harvard, 10.
Time of Game—1:35.

TO ADVERTISERS.

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ALICE WILDE, The Raftsman's Daughter. (New and Old Friends, No. 6.) By Mrs. M. V. Victor.—Probably no novel in the English language has had a more extended popularity than this, having been reprinted in Great Britain and there had an immense "run;" and in this country, it has sold fully 250,000 copies. This popularity is owing to the nature of the story and to the unique characters introduced; and its introduction into NEW AND OLD FRIENDS is in deference to the demand to have the exquisite novel in this new and popular shape, both for reperusal by old readers and its enjoyment by another hundred thousand new readers, to whom its pictures of life in the pine woods, its descriptions of rafts, "booms" and mills, its delineation of the appalling forest fire, its tale of love under a cloud, all will read like the delightful revelations of the story-teller of the Charmed Tongue. Illustrated, as it is, by beautiful designs by George G. White, this exquisite forest romance will have an eager welcome.

BASE-BALL PLAYER for 1873. (Twelfth annual edition.) Edited by Henry Chadwick. The long-established and accepted *authority* in Base-Ball circles on all Rules, Laws and Usages of the Game; and the Standard Source of Reference for Averages, Club Reports, Professional Records, etc., containing a Brief History of Base-Ball, Rules for Forming Clubs, Instructions for Scoring the Game, Technical Terms used in the Game, Instructions for Managing a Club, Rules for Making out Averages, List of Professional Players, Noted Club Records for 1871-2, Club Averages for 1872, and the New Code of Playing for 1873.

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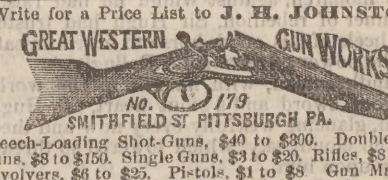

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TO A DECEASED FELINE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Poor Thomas Malta, let me heave a sigh
O'er thy untimely doom;
Last night I heaved a brick and cut thee off
In all thy early bloom.

Too musical thou wast for one so young—
Unstudied as thou wert;
In all the notes of the ascending scale
Thou wert an old expert.

Although no sailor, yet thy voice was heard
Often on the high C,
And thou couldst climb the highest caterwaul
With great profanity.

When the soft moonlight slumbered on my shed,
And I in dreams was laid,
How often have I wakened up to hear
Thy evening serenade!

I deemed thou wert too thoughtful of me then—
Perhaps fell short in com-
Prehension of thy too melodious tongue,
Nor did thee justice, Tom.

Forever didst thou haunt the lonely roof
Beneath my window there;
Intrusive felines on that sacred porch
Thou couldst and wouldst not bear.

Against all other cats thou seemed at war—
Ah, how thy fur did rise!
Thou ever deemed thy little claws were made
To scratch some other's eyes.

What will my neighbors and thy master say
When he beholds thee dead?
How will his heart be filled with pain to know
Thy soul of music's fled?

Farewell, oh, Thomas Malta, fare thee well!
Thy battles now are o'er;
My silent roof will count one feline less—
Oblivion one more.

Strange Stories.

THE HAUNTED TOWER.

A LEGEND OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

BY AGILE PENNE.

LURID red sunk the sun in the west and the dark-purple clouds covered the face of the sky, giving fair warning of the coming storm.

The ocean waves dashed fiercely on the beetling rocks, and the bellowing of the Rumble Churn—as the vast, strange cavern in the rock was called, just below the gray towers of Dunstanburgh Castle—rose loud and clear on the murky air of the Northumberland coast.

Along the winding way that followed the course of the shore a single horseman spurred his steed.

A gallant knight was that rider, Sir Hugh Montgomery by name, cousin to stout Percy, Earl of Northumberland, the "Hotspur" of the North.

Strewsbury's fight had been fought. The English Henry had broken the power of the rebels, led by gallant Hotspur and the Scottish Douglass, and all that claimed kindred with Earl Percy were banished and disgraced men.

Sir Hugh had fought right nobly on the stricken field, but Percy's death had decided the fight, and, not caring to fall into the power of the monarch, against whom he had raised the banner of rebellion, Sir Hugh had trusted to the heels of his good horse to bear him safe from the power of revengeful Bolingbroke.

A landless man, with naught in the world but a good sword and a stout heart, Sir Hugh rode on, glancing wistfully every now and then up at the cloudy sky, which lowered so threateningly upon him.

"By our Lady!" muttered the knight, "I must find shelter soon or be drenched to the skin."

Then, as he rode around a bend in the road, the gray towers of Dunstanburgh rose full before him.

"Aha!" quoth Sir Hugh, "yonder is shelter, but I must e'en keep mine own counsel and betray not that I am a fugitive from bloody Henry's power."

Hardly had the knight resolved to seek the shelter of the castle, when an aged peasant came hurrying up the road, evidently intent on gaining shelter before the storm broke.

The young soldier accosted the old man with design to learn the name of the lord of the castle, perched like an eagle's nest upon the summit of the rocks overlooking the sea.

The old man crossed himself in horror when the knight asked the name of the castle's lord and expressed his intent to seek shelter there from the storm.

"Oh, young sir!" he cried, "rather face all the fury of the elements than the dread, unknown dangers of the Haunted Tower. No human being now dares to step a foot within yonder gray walls, where sleeps the enchanted lady in a tomb of glass, waiting for some daring soul to rescue her from the power of the wizard. She was once the lady of Dunstansburgh; but, two hundred years ago, she strove to raise the fiends below by magic arts and secret spells, and, losing heart at the darkest hour, she became the prey of those whom she would have made her slaves. Since that time no human soul has dared to pass a night within the castle. Oh, sir, come with me to my humble cot, but do not tempt the rage of the Prince of Darkness by striving to break the spell which binds the enchanted lady."

"The holy waters of baptism sealed my soul to heaven long years ago," said Sir Hugh, "and that the Evil One can not harm. My life I do not value at a groat's fee in the cause of a fair lady. So, before I sleep, yonder gray towers shall yield their secret to me, or heaven shall take my soul unto its holy keeping."

And, without waiting for further word, the knight spurred on toward the haunted tower.

The darkness thickened and the big raindrops came down. Around the gray towers the forked lightning played in fiendish glee, but stout of heart was Sir Hugh Montgomery, and boldly he dismounted and entered the frowning portal, the door of which stood wide open.

The obscure birds of the night flew past the soldier with whirling wings and many a shrill cry as he advanced along the arched passage.

And then, with a terrible clang, the massive doors closed behind him, as though shut by unseen hands; but the knight's firm heart quailed not.

The gloom of the shades below surrounded him; suddenly a portion of the massive wall flew open wide and revealed a circling stairway hewed in the solid stone, and on the stairway stood an aged man, robed like one of the sages of the far eastern clime, the home of necromancy. His sable robe bore many a charm in fiery velvet, worked to conjure the fiends of the deep; around his head there played a living crown of flame; a wand of red-hot iron he bore in his naked hand.

Even the stout heart of Sir Hugh beat fast as he gazed upon that wondrous man.

"Sir knight! sir knight!" cried the wizard old, in a hollow tone, "a captive lady bright waits for you, if your heart be right and your nerves like steel be true, but, if you ever knew fright, forbear that lady to see, or many a long day you'll rue the hour when first you entered within these towers so gray."

"Lead on!" cried the knight, in a cheery tone; "that mortal never drew vital air who ever witnessed fear in me!"

Then down the winding stairs and through a passage underground the wizard led, while close behind came brave Sir Hugh with dauntless heart.

Within a massive vaulted chamber at last the knight and the wizard stood. The wall was sable, and the floor of marble diamonds, black and white.

A hundred marble steeds, black as the raven's back, stood round the massive hall, and by their sides a hundred marble knights, white as the snow, lay sleeping.

A hundred lights dispelled the gloom of that vaulted chamber, and, by a magic charm, each glimmering taper was borne by a dead man's arm.

At the end of the chamber a crystal tomb upheld its massive front, and within the glassy sepulcher was the fairest lady that earth had seen since the days of Eve; her eyes as blue as the vault above, her lips as scarlet as the flame.

And by the crystal tomb two ghastly skeletons stood. That on the right held a sword, whose blade shamed a mirror for brightness, and he on the left held a horn, surely by no mortal hands ever wrought.

And when the captive lady saw Sir Hugh, quick to her knees she sunk, and the tears which came from her eyes pierced straight to the heart of the knight.

"Oh, what can I do for you, fair lady?" did Sir Hugh cry. "What mortal can do shall be done!"

Then out spoke the wizard, in hollow tones:

"Never mortal since the world began could burst that crystal wall; the glass was run in the flames below and Satan himself sealed the mold; but there is a way without delay to set yon damsel free. Yon sword, so bright, was the sword of brave St. George, England's champion knight, and yonder horn, with carvings rare, was famed Merlin's own. No enchanter that the world ever saw could compare with him, that horn to sound or sword to draw; you have your choice; one will break the crystal glass; the other makes it stronger, and loses you to the world forever."

Again the tears streamed from the lady's eyes, and cautious doubt racked the brains of brave Sir Hugh.

Then fast he seized the horn of England's wisest sage, and blew so loud and shrill that it waked each marble knight to life and frightful stared the glaring eyes. With upraised brands they menaced the stranger knight.

Sir Hugh, in wild alarm, cast the horn away and drew his sword so true.

A cry of deep despair came from the lady bright, and the wizard cried, in scorn:

"Now shame on the coward who sounded a horn when he might have drawn a sword!"

Then breathed he full his dank breath on Sir Hugh's face and the soldier senseless sunk.

When morning came Sir Hugh awoke. Within the courtyard he lay; his raven hair had turned to snowy white, and one thought alone possessed his heart; to find the winding stair which led to the chamber low where the captive lady lay.

Years pass on, yet still he searches, no trace of reason else. But not till the night when the wizard, death, breathed on his brow, did he find the winding stair, the wizard old, and the lady bright who waited a knight her crystal tomb to break.

Ethelynde's Trade.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"YOU'RE sure you won't have me, then, Lindy?"

Asa Burchell's honest voice quivered a little as he spoke, and a troubled light came into his eyes as he essayed to caress the little brown hand that was so suddenly snatched from the top rail of the lane fence.

"I know I ain't no mate for you, Lindy," he said, deprecatingly, his freckled face growing ruddy as he observed her quick flush of embarrassment; "I know you're a born lady, if there ever was one, if you do be only mother's chore-girl. But I've b'en settin' a store by you, Lindy, ever sence you came to the farm, nigh on five year ago, a little, pale, thin creetur', withouten father or mother."

The girl's splendid black eyes filled with tears, and a transient smile hovered around her dainty mouth.

"Your family, and you too, Asa, have been *so* good to me; and you mustn't say you're not fit for me; because—because I have to say no —because I don't love you, Asa—as I ought to, to be your wife."

She had such a tender, womanly way of speaking; such a sweet, clear voice, such a dainty, inbred delicacy about her, that you would, too, have said she was a lady.

"Well," the young farmer said, after a time, "if you say no, why—why, I suppose I can stan' it," and as he spoke, Ethelynde saw his lips quiver.

"I am sorry," she said, simply. "I am so sorry, Asa. But after I'm gone, you will easily forget me."

"And you'll remember nobody but Squire Thorn's son. Oh, Lindy!—if—"

And then a quick, firm step crunching over the grass brought his words to a sudden stop. He had no need to look to see who was the intruder, for Ethelynde's flushed face told its own secret.

"Miss Ethel!—Mr. Burchell! I am not intruding?"

Asa moved slowly away, after a bow to his rival, and then young Thorn turned to her with a radiant face.

"My darling! I was so anxious to see you again. You'll not chide me for coming so soon for the 'yes' I know is in reserve for me?"

He bent his head so close to hers that a tress of his golden hair swept lovingly against her purple-black curls. But she drew back, with a quiet grace and dignity.

"I have not yet said 'yes,' Mr. Thorn. I shall not say so, until I return from New York, six months hence."

His countenance darkened with a frown.

"And so you persist in learning the odious trade of tailoring? Remember, Ethelynde, my parents have such odd prejudices against a trade for their son's wife"

Ethelynde's eyes flashed a moment.

"It is a little singular then, is it not, that they consent to your marrying a servant?"

Thorn brushed back a tiny spiral of hair that had fallen over her forehead.

"Nonsense, little girlie! You know you are the same as a daughter to Farmer Burchell and his wife. But hardly a sister to our graceful friend Asa?"

She instantly resented the sarcasm he intended.

"You shall not ridicule Asa, Mr. Thorn. He has always been a dear brother to me."

Thorn smiled; then took a bunch of violets that she had deftly fastened in her hair.

"Since you refuse to say me yea, Ethel, dear, perhaps you will divide this fragrant bouquet with me, and send me your half when you mean you will take me?"

She blushed and smiled, and took the half of the blooms.

"I will do so. And whenever your people object to your marrying a *bona fide* tailoress, send me your half as a token. Will you?"

A slight expression of annoyance crossed his face for a brief moment. Then he laughed it off.

"It is a bargain. Now, Ethel, tell me when you go?"

Then, under the flickering shadows of the horse-chestnut, they two sat down in friendly converse; while, swinging his scythe in the hot summer sun, his big, grand heart wounded to the quick, Asa Burchell watched them and fought his love for Ethelynde Hope.

A large, softly-carpeted room, whose atmosphere was redolent of fragrant flowers, whose light came dimly in through daintily-tinted glass around the lower part of the walls that were hung with crimson draperies, that streamed, clear as the crystal dome through which it came, on upper rows of elegantly-carved brackets, which upheld marble busts and graceful statuettes, and lighting radiantly the glowing bits of summer skies, and watered glens, and ferny dells.

Ethelynde Hope sat in the middle of it all; a fair, regal woman, whose purple-black hair had lost none of its wavy richness, whose dreamy eyes were as sweet and deep as ten years before, when she had left the farm to learn her trade.

Ten years! and she was to have been made a tailoress of in six months, and gone back to the Burchells and fulfilled her destiny in cutting and making the "Sunday go-to-meetin's" of the family and neighborhood.

But she had thwarted that, all very singularly. Now, after these ten years—and they had not been very happy, Ethelynde thought, as she sat in her studio, thinking, that day—now, she smiled to think how narrowly she had escaped being a tailoress. But she *had* escaped, and her slumbering talent suddenly awoke; and she found she was good for more than even Newton Thorn dreamed of.

To-day, all alone in her studio, she sat mournfully gazing on her first study—a tiny bunch of violets—and wondering where Newton Thorn and Asa Burchell were after these ten years.

Once, when she was a silly girl of sixteen, she thought she loved Newton Thorn, with his elegant manners, his stylish dress, his handsome face; and it was only when one day, about a month after she had left home, and was yet at her tailoring, that the other half of a bunch of violets came, without a word, that poor little Ethelynde discovered that Mr. Newton Thorn was "disenchanted."

After that she had not given much time or thought to lovers; she fell in love with her beautiful art, and studied and worked night and day.

She kept it a secret, too, from the Burchells; and, of course, she would not deign to explain to Mr. Thorn.

So the years wore on, until Ethelynde was twenty-two, instead of sixteen; until her name and fame went over the land, and people paid fabulous prices for her pictures—Miss Lynde's landscapes—she had entirely dropped her own name, using the first for both—Ethel Lynde. It was pretty, sounding artistic-like, and she preferred it.

Then, four years back, she learned that Mrs. Burchell had died; the farm sold, and Asa gone—no one knew where.

About the same time there had come to her an order for a companion piece to her "Fairy Dell by Moonlight;" the gentleman who wanted it could not sufficiently express his delight and admiration; and signed himself "J. Newton Thorn."

At first Ethel's—we will call her so—heart beat a little quicker than usual when she received occasional letters from him; which, from purely business communications, grew to friendly, even familiar ones, until at last—in this tenth year of her self-exile, this tenth year of her loneliness, there came a letter that seemed to her like a curious Fate.

"My dear Miss Lynde," it said, "permit me to hope you will not fail to honor us at Thorn Dale on May 30th. We depend on your judgment and taste entirely in the hanging of our pictures—among which so many of your own figure. If it will be any inducement for you to leave your proverbial retirement, there will be present a gentleman friend of mine, who has spent the last several years in Italy—Mr. Burchell—whose opinion I value highly."

Could it be Asa? *Was* it Asa, her honest, awkward, yeoman lover?—now a traveled gentleman from the very land whose skies she longed to see.

Somehow, into her dark eyes sprung a joy that her acquaintances had never seen there before; and yet it was hardly so much a joy as a sort of triumph.

And, if affairs stood as Ethel had reason to suppose they would, there was a triumph, grand and overwhelming, in store for her.

Squire Thorn's parlors were filled with guests, all waiting in eager anxiety for the great Miss Lynde; and Newton Thorn, dapper, handsome still, but fully ten years older, stood talking to a fine-looking, quiet gentleman who was leaning against the mantel, a little apart from the guests.

"You see I am well acquainted with Miss Lynde, Burchell, or of course I would not have presumed on an invitation. She's quite exclusive, and very handsome, they say."

Asa—it really was he—smiled quietly.

"You are in for it, I fear, Thorn; I hope you'll treat her better than a certain little girl we knew years ago."

Thorn smiled serenely.

"Oh, that wasn't of any consequence. Miss Hope was hardly the person to bring to Thorn Dale, pretty as she was."

Mr. Burchell's face lighted up.

"I only wish I'd had the chance she gave you. I loved her dearly—I do yet. I'd give a thousand dollars if anybody would tell me where she was—my dear little Lindy."

And just then a plump brown hand stole into Asa's, and a low, sweet voice spoke.

"Here I am, Asa—my dear old friend."

The gentlemen turned in mute amaze, and Ethel, with a queenly bow to Thorn, explained:

"I presume you know me better as Miss Ethel Lynde. Mr. Burchell remembers little Lindy. Mr. Thorn, will you show me the pictures, please?"

This, his slighted love! this, his deserted sweetheart; this famous woman who moved highest among his guests, this silken-attired queen of beauty and elegance—*this*—little Lindy, who was to be a tailoress!

Somehow Newton Thorn could not enjoy the *denouement*; while Mr. Burchell did, wonderfully; more particularly afterward, when she exchanged her cards for some bearing the name of

MRS. ETHELYNDE HOPE BURCHELL.

☞ **Take Notice!**—Captain Mayne Reid's new story, **THE SPECTER BARQUE**, a Tale of the Pacific, commences *this week*. Having been *written expressly* for the SATURDAY JOURNAL, it will appear in serial form in America only! The thousands of admirers of this King of Romancers will see the necessity of *at once* giving a *definite order to their newsdealer to save them a copy of the* SATURDAY JOURNAL *regularly*, if they would not be disappointed by being unable to secure the papers containing this splendid serial. All who have read, (and everybody has) a romance by this celebrated author, will not want to miss this his last thrilling sea story.

On the Prairie;

OR,

The Adventures of Amateur Hunters.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

VI—BABY ELEPHANT'S 'POSSUM-HUNT.

IT has been casually hinted that our giant, Campbell Carson, was fond of *'possum*. In fact, he loved 'possum better than he did his own ease. Though naturally too indolent to brush away a fly that tickled his nasal protuberance, he would, in the worst of weather, brave a four-hour tramp through mud, slush or snow, and with one 'possum to show for it, would feel richly repaid. Then when the dainty dish was set before him—and no other of the party dare even think of cooking the treasure—Baby Elephant was the picture of content. Coiling his long legs around the steaming dish, he would inhale the peculiar odor with rapturous delight. Then with his fingers—touch steel to 'possum? sacrilege!—to tear off the unctuous strips, drop them into the cavity, by courtesy termed mouth, closing both eyes as the massive grinders slowly met, the fat in little rivulets trickling down over his chin, from either corner of his mouth. A gasping snort of realized anticipation told when each mouthful reached its destination.

Of Missouri planter stock, Carson could boast "before the war, we owned niggers!" Probably from some of these sable-skinned bondsmen did he derive his 'possum-love. Charley was as fond of eulogizing this animal as was the immortal Porgy the domestic swine. Numberless were the scrapes into which this love led poor Baby Elephant. Were he upon the "sick-list," the word *'possum* would bring him to his feet, blue eyes sparkling, mustache bristling, his mouth watering as though it tasted the delicious morsel even then.

Once—a few days after our arrival at the grounds—Carson struck the trail of a 'possum, and knowing its sluggish movements, concluded that it must be close at hand, as the tracks were still moist. Ten minutes' search discovered the prey, just as it disappeared around a limb in a good-sized oak tree. Though Carson had his gun in hand, he would not shoot the animal, for he held that unless scientifically bled, with a knife, its delicate flavor would be impaired. So he resolved to shin up the tree.

At the first limb he paused. A peculiar humming sound met his ear, and thus directed, his gaze soon rested upon a huge round ball of a grayish cast, through the center of which ran a good-sized limb. He knew what this was—a nest of the bald hornet. Only for the 'possum, Baby Elephant would have descended in a hurry, as he saw the active little warriors humming around their house, but Carson could not abandon his prize without a fight for it.

The cunning creature had crawled out upon a limb directly over the nest, and hanging by by its tail, curled its body up in a hairy knot, thus defying the hornets' sting. Along another limb, still higher, cautiously climbed Carson, and then gaining the desired position, bent over to clutch the 'possum by its tail. But the tips of his fingers barely scratched the rat-like rings. Desperate, Carson persisted, when a natural catastrophe ensued. A valiant bald hornet made a vigorous onslaught from the rear, and thus treacherously assailed, he gave a sudden start, clapping one hand to the afflicted spot; result—a cracking—a bellow—a fall, and then an angry buzzing.

The limb breaking, had cast Carson down, first upon the 'possum, then the nest, through which his outstretched hand passed, tearing the lint structure from its perch, all reaching the ground together. With a wild yell Carson shook the nest from his hand, and—"changed his base." For once he went back on 'possum, nor did he pause to recover his gun. A dancing-master would have wept tears for his agility; a Pawnee have torn his hair in envy at the marvelous yells that issued from Baby Elephant's lips, as his arms cut the air like a score of flails, his huge palms striking first one portion of his body, then another. Not until he had plunged into the ice-cold creek could he rid himself of his tormentors. I need scarcely add that he adorned the sick-list for several days after this adventure.

Still our giant was not cured of his love for 'possum, and when, one day, shortly after our first attempt at wolf-poisoning, Pete Shafer told Baby Elephant that he had seen two 'possums in the creek valley where Fred Dewey had been treed by wolves, Carson was unusually industrious with his work, and shortly after supper he set forth, with Beaver, his dog, for the designated spot. Knowing Pete's foibles, we suspected a sell, but he declared that it was the truth.

Baby Elephant made quick work of the two miles that intervened, and entering the narrow belt of timber, ax on shoulder, he sent Beaver forward to start the game. Ten minutes later came the welcome yelp, and with sparkling eyes he soon reached the spot. Outlined against the sky he could just distinguish the animal, and a few sturdy strokes of the sharp ax brought the sapling to the ground, where Beaver pounced upon the hairy ball. Baby Elephant's powerful grip soon straightened out the animal, and then his keen knife scientifically bled it. With 'possum slung to belt, he urged Beaver on to fresh victories.

The upper end of the valley was nearly reached before Beaver's sharp yelping again woke the echoes, and, as before, Carson found the dog at the foot of a small sapling. He saw at a glance that the ax would be of little service here, for the trees grew so closely together that a dozen might be cut clean off without one falling to the ground. But an old 'possum-hunter is not to be daunted by trifles, and though not of the best possible build for climbing, Baby Elephant began shinning up the designated tree.

Resting upon the first limb to regain breath, Carson peered anxiously above him. A chuckle of satisfaction broke from his lips as he noted the dark knot that closely hugged one of the topmost branches. Now confident of his prey—for the 'possum never attempts escape by flight from his human foe—he proceeded more leisurely. There was a peculiar pleasure in thus delaying the capture, as he anticipated the feed in his mind, picturing his enviable sensations as the unctuous morsels would glide gratefully adown his gullet.

Busy with these imaginings, Baby Elephant gained the tree-top, and finding it begin trembling beneath his weight, debated in his mind as to whether he should not shake the 'possum to the ground, where Beaver would secure it until he could descend. But this was quickly negatived, and advancing a few feet, he cautiously outstretched his hand; he must gain another foot first. With care he secured this advance, and then, with a chuckle, clutched the animal.

But he did not hold it long. Something struck him. From the tip of his wolf-skin cap to the buffalo moccasins that covered his feet, he received the charge.

Baby Elephant is not partial to perfumes in any guise, but this peculiar variety is his abomination. And to speak candidly, it was not of that sort usually found upon the toilet-stands of young ladies. Though powerful to a fault and most lasting, it has never been copyrighted. In fine, the *'possum* was a *skunk!*

Carson's broad face, upturned, received the full benefit of the dose; his eyes were blinded, and with a hoarse, bellowing cry, he relaxed his grip and crashed downward through the frail limbs. It seemed as though a shower of liquid fire had been poured over his person. For a time he was nearly crazy.

As Carson fell, the shock cast the animal to the ground, and as it touched, Beaver pounced upon it. Using both teeth and tail, the little brute fought desperately, and the two, with Baby Elephant, were rolling over the ground in a confused heap, first one uppermost, then another. Carson now became fearfully wroth as the smarting fluid burned deeper, and he seized the animal. Clutching its throat, he crushed its skull with his heavy fist, pummeling it to a shapeless mass.

It took an hour's bathing in the creek before Baby Elephant could clear his eyes sufficiently to find his way home, and his great distress may be imagined from his forgetting the *bona fide* 'possum, leaving it and the ax beneath the tree.

What a chorus of yells greeted him as he burst into the dug-out where we were busy graining and stretching skins! To cap the climax, Beaver bounded in and deposited before his master the mock-'possum, then uttering a yelp of delight, looked up at Baby Elephant for approval, but receiving instead a vicious kick. As we recovered from the shock, Carson was bundled out of doors and ordered to strip to the buff, and either bury his clothes or throw them into the creek.

It will be a long time before he forgets our laughter and jests as he cropped short his brilliant hair, pet "mutton-chops" and mustache, then fiercely scoured his person with pulverized clay to remove the scent that, however, clung to him for days. Still, even this mishap did not wean Baby Elephant from his first love, and if you wish to gain a friend for life, just invite Carson to a "'possum-roast."

Beat Time's Notes.

WHEN I was young, I used to write beautiful poetry. (I do not claim this sentence is original.) Whenever I went to an evening party, I would always manage to discover that I had my last poem with me, and I would consent to the urgent calls of my pride to read it before the company. They always went into tears, no matter what was the nature of the epic. Indeed, they got so used to crying that, if ever I would accidentally rattle a letter in my pocket, they began to weep. Oh, the poetry was beautiful! The compositors always wept when they set it up, and a single piece of four verses sometimes, or oftener, swamped four men in half an hour at fifty cents a thousand ems. It began to be serious. The subscribers to the weekly paper grew melancholy, and began to care so little for worldly things that they refused to pay their subscriptions. I showed the last poem I wrote to my father. The old gentleman stifled his tears; he laid the paper gently down on a bed of coals in the fireplace; he called me into a room; said he, "Young man, there is poetry in you and I shall bring it out of you;" he took a cowhide; he hadn't much of an appetite, and wanted exercise; every time it came down I went up. I wept many yells, and—whenever the old gent looked into my room at night, I wasn't writing poetry.

THE other day an old rich friend of mine came to me and offered me a thousand dollars, as a mark of respect. I refused to take it; he insisted; I told him I wouldn't have it; he tried to force it on me, until I got out of patience and told him I would put him out of the house if he didn't stop bothering me about it. I never saw a man make such a fool of himself as he did; he stood there and begged me for half an hour to take it; finally he threw it down on my table and walked out, when I got up and threw it out the door after him; he put it sadly in his pocket-book and walked off. He certainly will not annoy me that way again; I don't want anybody to. What do I want with a thousand dollars?

I LATELY lost my pocketbook. It had my name in it, and I don't want to lose that; I don't know what I would do if I did. It contained among other jewelry a washerwoman's bill, which the finder may go and liquidate; a draft for a—well, for a new front door; a certificate of deposit with my baker, showing I had paid him my last week's bill; and money in bills of various denominations to the amount of thirty-five cents. The finder may keep every thing if he will only return my name.

ONCE, when a boy, I had a good chance to catch a rat by the tail, and I did so. I have often wondered since why I didn't catch him by the head; it would have been so much better, for the rat felt offended by the treatment, and took me by the hand. I let go his tail, and we had to dissect that rat before we could persuade him to let go. I made a great mistake.

A LITTLE boy down town lately put a slow match to some wet powder. As it hung fire, he bent down over it to see if it was burning. He found that it was—he is sure of that. That is about the only recollection he has just now; all other things are vanity.

WHEN I sleep in the morning, I do despise to hear any noise of any kind. I have given my family particular instructions when they come to call me to breakfast to call me in a whisper, or slip a note under the door, so they won't wake me.

THERE is a small town out West in which you would have to dig down about sixteen thousand feet till you came to the first layer of the original inhabitants before you could find an honest man.

THE reason some old women are called gossips, I think, is because they give other people "goss" while they sip their tea—but this is merely a "sup" position.

THE man that never laughs amounts to nothing—I will be generous, and say nothing and a half.

IF some fellows wished to go to a masked ball they could effectually disguise themselves by going in the character of gentlemen.

WHEN the rains make the ground partake of the general softness of spring, it is said to be the time that tries men's soles.

I LIKE to see a man throw some genuine enthusiasm into his work, whether he is penning poetry or peeling potatoes.

A WRITER apologizes for wearing holes in his hat by saying they are convenient to let ideas into his head.

WHO painted the signs of the times?